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COMPANY MONGERING.

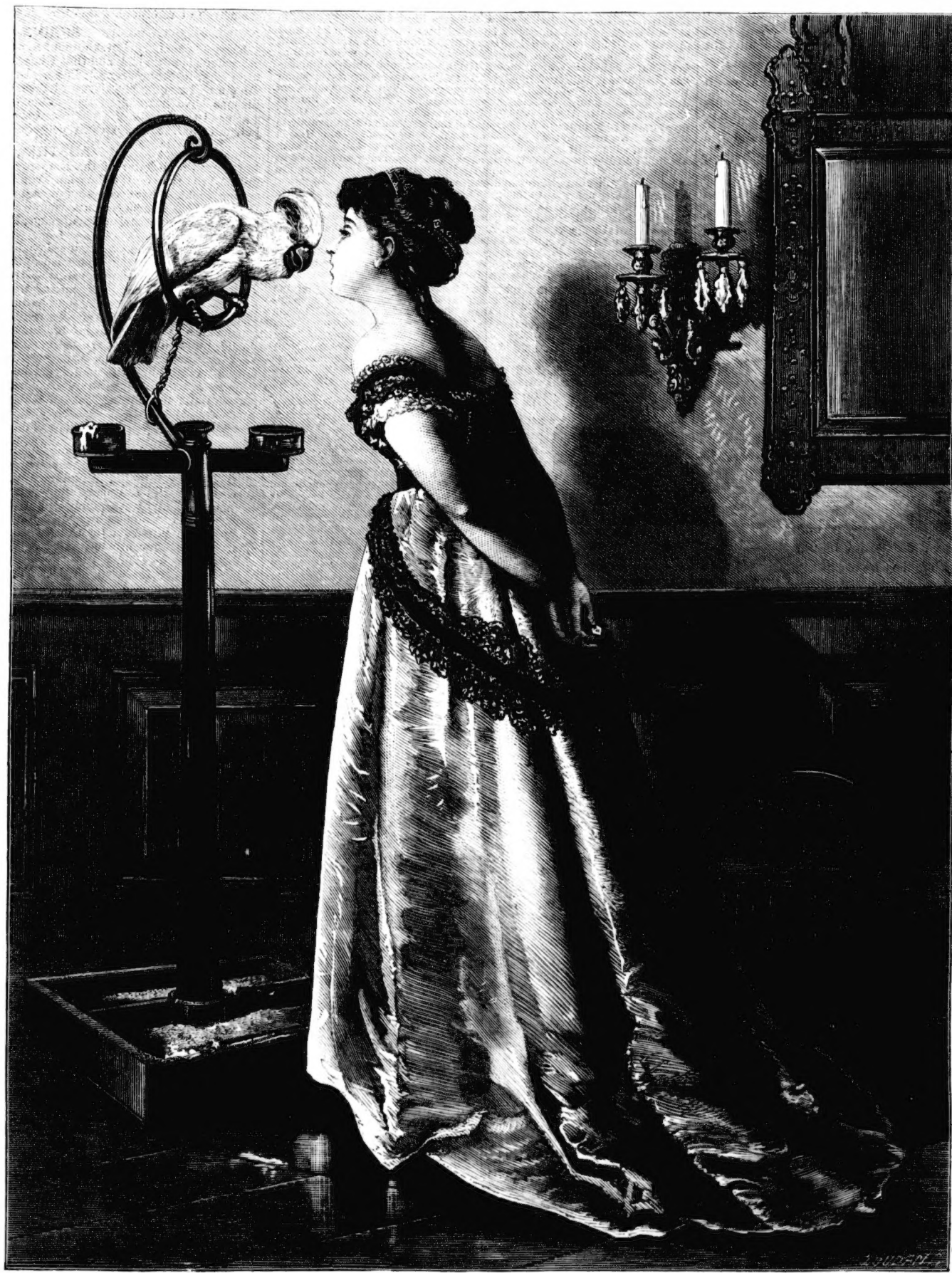
COMMERCIAL morality in England, which has for some time past been in a bad way, seems to be rapidly becoming worse: a circumstance that may perhaps account, to some extent, for the depression of trade about which we hear so much complaint. If men will not conduct their business honestly, they must expect it to decline. Deceit begets distrust; and distrust is fatal to trade. And that is just about what is taking place in the trade of life assurance, as it has already taken place in other branches of business. Company mongering is the bane of British commerce. So many companies, limited or otherwise, have sprung up of late, lived their little hour, and then "smashed," ruining thousands by the process, that people are becoming chary of trusting any institution whatever. And no wonder; for the events of 1866 and the revelations made since have thrown so much light upon the way in which companies are managed, that even persons most greedy of high interest and large profits may well feel dismayed, and be determined to hold back their spare cash for a time—to their own loss and the grievous crippling of the legitimate commercial enterprise of the country.

It may be said, perhaps, that greedy and rash speculators deserve the fate that befalls them when their enterprises miscarry, and the "large returns" promised turn out to be total losses. To men and women of this sort moralists may preach homilies on the sin of inordinate covetousness, and political economists may improve the occasion by pointing out that large profits and high interest mean dangerous ventures and bad security. And the preachers and econo-

mists will be listened to for a time; but for a time only. When the rawness and panic caused by recent losses have worn off, the same parties, or parties formed after their kind, will again listen to tales of fabulous benefits to be

suffer for their folly; greed, we suppose, must have its falls as well as pride; though we cannot help thinking it a pity that even silly people should be once and again plundered of their all with impunity by a parcel of designing knaves.

Things have come to a bad pass, however, when prudent self-denial is cheated of its reward and cautious forethought yields no protection. It was wont to be thought that he only was wise and prudent who in his early years of working vigour invested his savings in a life policy, or in the purchase of an annuity for himself or those dependent upon him, thereby making provision against old age or the accidents that flesh is heir to. But if many more cases such as those of the Hercules and the Albert Life Assurance Companies occur, prudence will come to look like folly, and rash, careless indifference will seem true wisdom. Men will be apt to think that they may as well place their spare cash in secret holds, where, besides being unproductive, it may be lost or forgotten, or into which thieves may break and steal, as intrust it to the managers and directors of companies who have beforehand resolved to appropriate it to their own purposes. Confidence in what was once deemed the safest as well as most convenient and prudent way of making a family provision, is being rudely shaken by the many failures of assurance companies that have recently happened; and that is not the least of the many evils such failures pro-



"A SWEET BREAKFAST."—(PICTURE BY BORCKMANN.)

derived from engaging in some new venture; fresh flocks of "gulls" will always be forthcoming to afford sport for those "knowing" gentlemen who make it their vocation to prey upon the credulity and greed of others. It may be right—as it certainly seems inevitable—that such fools should

duce. As insurance companies profess to afford facilities for providing against eventualities that cannot be averted, and for meeting contingencies that in the nature of things must arise when to make fresh arrangements is impossible, all the more incumbent is it on their conductors to deal



wisely, cautiously, and honestly with the funds intrusted to their care. That, however, seems to be a course which managers and directors of the company-mongering type never dream of following. Their only thoughts are as to how they may best get the funds of others into their hands, how they may most easily apply these to their own uses without incurring the risk of immediate detection, and how to secure safety for their own persons when the inevitable day of disaster and disclosure comes. As for the responsibilities they incur when they accept subscriptions and premiums, these are left to take care of themselves; they trouble not managers and directors of the company-mongering school—a class of men who, we fear, are every day becoming more and more prominent in the management of financial institutions.

In fact, company mongering is rapidly becoming the curse and reproach, as it is the commercial characteristic, of the age. "Getting up a company" is now the recognised mode by which needy men "raise the wind" and float themselves upon society as they float their companies—that is, on bubbles, credit, falsehood. In the eyes of such men swindling has ceased to be a crime, provided it be committed in a corporate capacity—in the form and under the name of a company, and not as individuals. The *modus operandi* is simple; "it is as easy as lying" (of which, indeed, it largely consists); and seldom fails of success. You have only to invent a high-sounding title for your company; draw up an attractive prospectus, studded with tempting calculations of profits and liberal promises of security; appoint one gentleman well skilled in company-floating to be manager, and another with like experience to be secretary; hire offices and furnish them handsomely; get a few men with big names on your list of directors (there are always plenty of such persons, like managers and secretaries, ready to lend their names "for a consideration"); advertise profusely, and lie unblushingly; and the thing is done. The company formed, the public gullied, and the share subscriptions and premiums coming in, the next thing to do is to appoint founders, and managers, and secretaries to life offices, with liberal salaries. Your company is sure to go on swimmingly for a time, and when liabilities begin to accrue, and funds to fail—when, in fact, the cow has been milked dry—you can either "smash up" the concern, leaving shareholders and policy-holders in the lurch (what are the interests of such people to company-mongers?), but the pockets of officials well lined; or you can transfer the business to another company only a little less rotten than your own, which conceals its tottering condition by the show of new business thus acquired. By adopting this last course you secure several advantages: in the first place, you stave off the day of exposure; in the next, you obtain liberal compensation for your life offices—that is, for yourselves, the founders, managers, secretaries, directors, and so forth; in the third, your hands are cleared, and you are free to start a new company, and to play the same game over again. To be sure, a time will come when the absorbing office must inevitably break down, and share and policy holders be swindled out of the benefits for which they have paid. But that is no affair of yours; you are out of the concern, and, bless you! have only received "fair compensation" for the loss of the situations you relinquished. In fact, like Lord Clive, you feel astonished at your own moderation; for whereas your office, at fourteen years' purchase, was worth some £20,000 or upwards, you were content—like one modest gentleman mixed up in the Albert Assurance Company's affairs—to accept £8000 down, and have done with the business. Even when the worst comes, and the affairs of a bankrupt concern have to be wound up, company-mongers, after consuming the bulk of the carcass, can occasionally manage to secure to themselves the picking of the bones in the character of "official liquidators" or something of that sort. The grand thing about company-mongering is this, that founders, and "floaters," and managers, and directors, and secretaries never suffer. Whoever loses, they are sure to gain. And is not that an excellent arrangement for gentlemen of ingenious minds, elastic consciences, and unlimited impudence?

Do our readers think that we have drawn an exaggerated picture of the principles, and practices, and processes of company mongering? We assure them we have not. We have simply stated facts of everyday occurrence; facts that are illustrated in the history of the Albert Assurance Company and most of the twenty-two or more other companies which it absorbed, and under the weight of whose accumulated liabilities (the assets were generally nil, or we may be sure they would not have been parted with) it finally sunk. And the Albert, we fear, is not the only concern that is in the same unfortunate predicament. Let us not be misunderstood. There are plenty of sound—because wisely and honestly conducted—insurance offices; but there are many rotten ones, too; and it is high time that a means were devised of separating the goats from the sheep; of enabling the public to ascertain what companies are solvent and what are not; of showing which offices follow the wholesome rule of setting aside such a portion of the premiums received as will amply suffice to meet the policy liabilities when they come to maturity, and which, on the other hand, adopt the company-monger's system of providing for directors, managers, and other officials out of other people's money, and letting policy-holders take their chance. Such a system, we think, is to be found in the laws of the State of New York as to insurance companies, described in another column; and the better we so far "Americanise our insti-

tutions" as to adopt those laws, the better. Sound, well-managed offices need not fear their operation; rotten, company-mongers' concerns could not live under them; and, every way, honest directors and the general public would be benefited by their introduction, while rogues only would suffer; and is not that a consummation greatly to be desired?

A SWEET BREAKFAST.

Yes, we should think so; but it is an irritating picture in spite of its acknowledged merits. Imagine such ingenious beneficence wasted on a cockatoo, which, to say the least of it, is neither an engaging nor an appreciative biped. As well might youthful innocence display its artless wiles to a truculent, old half-pay veteran, given up to local scandal, and having in his recollection the mess-stories of half a century. Even his chuckle would scarcely be more dissonant, his sly scorn and self-appreciation more pronounced, than that of this graceless bird, who, even in the presence of those rosy lips, is too much engrossed by the possible advantages of responding to a sweet appeal. With a furtive and yet an artfully-calculating eye he hesitates till he can catch a glimpse of the material benefits to accrue, and, shifting from one leg to another, tries to reckon up all conceivable probabilities, though his unrelenting poll is almost brushed by soft tresses. There is surely a kind of moral in Mr. Bockmann's picture, which shines through it and gives it the additional interest that belongs to true works of art, however simple may have been their original intention.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Foresters' Fête at the Crystal Palace last week was a grand affair, the persons present numbering 63,856, which has only been exceeded on three previous occasions—namely, in 1860, 1862, and 1863. The next excursion day will be that of the Temperance League, on Tuesday, Aug. 31. To show the energy with which the committee of this rapidly-increasing association are working to bring visitors to London to aid in their demonstration, it may be stated that their published circular gives a list of 974 towns and railway stations from which excursions will be run to London. As an instance of the cheap fares which will be available, Shrewsbury may be quoted, the inhabitants of which neighbourhood will have the opportunity of visiting London and returning home for the small sum of 7s. 9d. The demonstration will be complete in attractions, including a concert by five thousand children of the Band of Hope, addresses by the most popular temperance advocates, &c. Other great days will follow. On Wednesday, Sept. 8, the Tonic Sol-Fa committee will hold a great musical jubilee of 8000 performers on the Handel orchestra, which will be considerably extended for the occasion. Most of the leading pieces in the programme of the peace festival recently held at Boston, U.S., will be given, including the "Anvil Chorus," from the "Trovatore," and other pieces written specially for the American jubilee, accompanied by firing of cannon, ringing of bells, &c. Several important concerts will take place in September, including two in which Middle Nilsson will appear, on Sept. 15 and 25. The Saturday Winter Concerts will recommence on Oct. 2. The large demand for stalls for these justly-celebrated concerts which has already set in is a sure indication of the continued attraction. The opera in English under Mr. Perren have met with unusual success; each representation is crowded, and the concert-room full to overflowing. They will be continued for some time to come.

AMERICAN CALCULATION ON THE GRAIN CROPS.—The crop reports from various parts of the United States are more conflicting and doubtful than is usual at this season of the year. The extreme fluctuations in the weather and the variations of rain and heat have produced opposite results in different places. If we were to look only at the accounts from some parts of Illinois and Iowa, the wheat prospects would be gloomy in the extreme; but when we take a broader and more comprehensive view of our vast expanse of country, it will be found, on striking an average of the whole, that the prospects are more reassuring. It is, at least, quite certain that the usual occurrence of the successive seasons of good crops will be fully realised this year. We shall have as much wheat for home and foreign consumption as we had last year; and, if the balance of the season is not very unfavourable, we shall have a great deal more. To come to particulars, we find that the crops are very favourable in the New England States, New Jersey, and New York. The hay crops in all these States will be immense, and the cereals are in a prosperous condition. In Virginia and Tennessee there is nothing to be desired. From the north-western States the accounts are more conflicting; but it appears that damages by the recent tremendous rain-storms are confined to a comparatively limited breadth of country. Wheat, in some parts of Illinois, Iowa, and a few of the north-western States, has suffered considerably; but even in the most unfavourable States the harvest—except in the unlooked-for event of continued bad weather—may reach last year's average. In Minnesota, which is now the chief wheat-producing State in the Union, the supply will be immense. A harvest of full 20,000,000 bushels of wheat is expected. In Ohio, Wisconsin, Indiana, and Nebraska, the wheat harvest seems superb. Take it altogether, there can be little doubt that the upper valley of the Mississippi, and nearly the entire north-west, will advance considerably upon last year's supply. It will be remembered that this will be partly the result of the increased quantity of land placed under wheat. If it were not for the drawbacks in various localities on account of the weather the yield would be unparalleled. In California the wheat has been already harvested, and the yield, in spite of the drawbacks on account of rust, will be in excess of last year.—*New York Economist*.

THE LAND LEAGUE.—The demand for the reform of the land laws has been made the basis of an association. Mr. John Stuart Mill is the chairman, and the efforts of the association are to be directed to the following objects, viz.:—1. To promote the free transfer of land. 2. To secure the passing of Mr. Locke King's Real Estate Intestacy Bill. 3. To restrict within the narrowest limits the power of tying up land. 4. To preserve the rights of the public over commons, and generally over all lands which require an Act of Parliament to authorise their inclosure; and to oppose the practice of annexing such lands to the estates of the neighbouring landholders. 5. To promote measures by which, without unjust interference with private rights, facilities may be afforded to the workmen and tillers of the soil for acquiring an interest in the land of the country. 6. As one means to the object last proposed: To endeavour to promote such an administration of landed property owned by public bodies, or held for any public purposes, as shall help to carry out such object. The association, it is expected, will have completed its organisation in the course of a few weeks, so as to be able to commence work in the autumn, and it is probable that early next year the association may be prepared to send a land measure for Great Britain, which, in such case, will be introduced into Parliament as early as possible next Session. On the provisional committee are the following names:—Mr. Edmond Beales; Sir John Bowring, LL.B.; F.R.S.; Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P.; Sir C. W. Dilke, Bart., M.P.; Mr. George Dixon, M.P.; Professor Fawcett, M.P.; Sir George Grey, K.C.B.; Mr. Thomas Hare; Mr. Frederick Harrison; Sir Henry A. Hoare, Bart., M.P.; Mr. George Howell; Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P.; Mr. Duncan McLaren, M.P.; Mr. Edward Miall, M.P.; Mr. Walter Morrison, M.P.; Mr. P. A. Murray, M.P.; Mr. A. J. Mundell, M.P.; Mr. Charles Neate, M.P.; Mr. George Odger, M.P.; Mr. George Potter, M.P.; Mr. Thomas B. Potter, M.P.; the Rev. James E. Thorold Rogers, M.A.; Mr. P. A. Taylor, M.P.; Mr. Henry Vincent, and Mr. James White, M.P.

A GALLANT BOY.—The *Scotsman* tells the following story of a gallant rescue from drowning:—The other Sunday forenoon two boys, aged eleven and four respectively, children of Mr. Coutts, detective officer, Leith, took a walk down the West Pier, when the younger brother, going too near the quay edge, was blown into the harbour by a squall. The elder boy, named Ernest, in a simple, eloquent manner, thus narrates the accident and his rescue of his brother:—"When I saw Alfred fall over the pier I rushed to the place and looked to see if anyone was in sight. There was only one gentleman, but he was a good way off. I then gave one loud scream, and jumped in after my brother. I had to swim about three or four yards before I got near him. He was on his face when I got near him, and I knew he would soon choke. I therefore dived in below him, and got him on to my back. When I got this done I let him slide off on to his back. I then put my arm round his neck and made my way for one of the posts which support the pier. During this time Alfred had spoken to me once. He said, 'Where are we, Ernest?' I answered, 'In the water.' He did not speak again, nor make any motion whatever. When I reached the post I clasped my arms round it. I had Alfred in my arms between the post and me. My clothes were getting heavy with water, and so was my brother's. It was about half high-water, for the tide was going back. Alfred slipped from my arms, and floated away about two yards from me. I again laid hold of his clothes, and kept him above the water." Mr. Fyfe, who had been walking on the pier, and heard Ernest's scream, procured the Rob Roy ferry-boat, and rowed up the harbour to the Lord Aberdeen berth, where he found Ernest with one arm clasped round a post and supporting his brother with the disengaged arm. It was with great difficulty that the gallant little Ernest could be induced to let go his hold of his brother, in order that he might be lifted into the boat; and even after both had been rescued, Ernest, labouring under the impression that his brother was still in the water, had to be restrained from again jumping into the harbour. Both boys were conveyed to the infirmary in a cab, and, recovering shortly, were taken home.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Emperor, about whose health sinister rumours had again been prevalent, was sufficiently well to preside at a Council of Ministers on Wednesday. A report that the Empress's journey to Lyons had been delayed in consequence of his state of health proves to be unfounded.

The appointment to the Ministry for War, vacant by the death of Marshal Niel, has been conferred upon General Lebœuf, who is at present Commander-in-Chief of the 7th Corps d'Armée at Toulouse, and is described as a devoted friend of the Bonaparte dynasty. During the Italian campaign General Lebœuf was chief of the French Artillery, in which post he acquitted himself with skill and gallantry; but nothing is known as yet of his ability as an administrator. Marshal Niel, when on his death-bed, is said to have recommended General Lebœuf to the Emperor as his successor. A curious anecdote is told of the new War Minister. During the troubles of '48 he was on guard at the Luxembourg with Charras and other officers, when he demanded an hour's leave on urgent private affairs, and obtained it. Asked on his return how he had spent his furlough, he replied that he had been married to a lady who would not consent to an adjournment.

The draught of the *Senatus Consultum* approved by the committee was on Wednesday read to the Senate by M. Devienne. The only important alterations are that the article which gives to the Senate power to oppose the promulgation of a law by adopting a resolution to that effect, with a declaration of motives, is modified by the omission of the last-named requirement. The report refers to the progress made by France—"from a dictatorship to the most complete liberty"—and calls on the generation of 1869 to improve on the work of 1852.

At the opening of the Conseil General for the Department of the Seine Inferieure, on Tuesday, it was announced by M. Roulland that the right of choosing their own presidents and secretaries would in future be exercised by these assemblies; another step in the march of reform on which the Empire has entered.

SPAIN.

From Madrid the latest announcements are that the Carlist movement is at an end, and that General Prim has left the capital for Vichy, in France, for a holiday. During his absence Admiral Topete will assume the duties of President of the Council. The Bishops have not obeyed the orders of the Government in the matter of the priests who had joined the Carlist bands, and will be judicially proceeded against in consequence by the authorities.

AUSTRIA.

An autograph letter of the Emperor orders the placing of the military districts on the Croatian frontier under the civil administration, and another decree summons several Cis-Leithan provincial Diets. These announcements would seem to indicate a desire on the part of the Austrian Government to popularise its rule in the frontier provinces.

The *Neue Presse* of Wednesday publishes a circular of the Minister of the Interior, addressed to the governors of the several provinces of the empire, stating that the present legislative system does not admit of an interference on the part of the Government on the question of reducing the number of days observed as holidays in Austria. The circular further states that, if certain holidays are to be done away with as superfluous, the matter must be left to the discernment of the people themselves, to be dealt with by them as they think fit. The authorities will see that official business is duly attended to on all days in the year except those days which are strictly observed as holidays, and will use their influence with the people at large to induce them to follow the same example.

RUSSIA.

The Minister of Justice has resolved that a special commission shall draw up a measure for the introduction of the institution of trial by jury into Russia, directly the reports expected from foreign countries respecting the working of that institution have been examined by the competent legal authorities. The *Nord* comments on this news by mentioning that trial by jury has been in operation in Russia for the last three years, and that several Paris journals recently criticised a verdict given by a jury at Odessa.

TURKEY.

The first authentic Budget of the Turkish Empire has just been published. The Minister of Finance admits a deficit of £2,102,150, and a floating debt of over £5,000,000, to which must be added large arrears of pay to all the services, a mass of unpaid contracts, and heavy liabilities on account of various railways. Although the Imperial revenue has largely increased since the accession of the present Sultan, the expenditure has increased in a far larger proportion, and it is estimated that the time is not far distant when the Ottoman debt will reach 100 millions sterling.

The *Independence Belge* says that the Viceroy of Egypt is expected in Constantinople about the middle of next month, and that the Sultan is preparing to receive him with brilliant hospitality. "The reconciliation between the Sovereign and his powerful vassal," it adds, "is therefore an established fact. The arrival of the Khedive will be preceded by the explanatory letter in reply to the Vizier's note, and that letter, the purport of which has already been communicated to the Porte and the Embassies, is in every respect what was desired at Constantinople. For the moment, therefore, there is no longer an Egyptian question."

THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. John Quincy Adams, son of the late United States Minister in London, and grandson of the distinguished President of the United States, has been selected as the democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. The Democratic Convention of this State has declared vigorously for the enforcement of the Monroe doctrine, but no mention is made in its programme of the national debt—a question which lies at the basis of all financial discussions.

CHINA.

The Pekin Government definitively refuses to ratify the Burlingame Convention with the United States. Mr. G. Ross Browne, the American Minister, replying to an address of the British and American communities at Shanghai, emphatically denounced the policy of Mr. Burlingame, which he considered as evidence of the Chinese disinclination to progress. Equality in the relations was impossible at present, and a yielding attitude on the part of the foreign Powers would tend to produce war, as the revelations made proved that the British was a mistaken policy. The Chinese text of Mr. Burlingame's credentials differed from the foreign version, and appointed him Envoy to a tributary nation.

THE OMNIBUS TRADE OF PARIS.—By the death of Monsieur Moreau Chaslon Paris has lost a benefactor. The deceased gentleman was the founder of the original omnibus company, and for thirty-five years conducted it with such skill and energy that when, in 1854, the concern passed into the hands of Government he was appointed general manager. He continued in that position till his death. The scale on which omnibus traffic is carried on in Paris may be judged from the fact that during the year 1868 the number of persons carried in these vehicles amounted to 120,000,000, or nearly sixty-five times the population of Paris; while, during the same period the number of passengers conveyed by the French railways was only 115,000,000. The average fare being four and a half sous (six sous in the interior and three in the impériale), the gross receipts must have amounted to about 27,000,000fr., or £1,080,000.

AN INCREDIBLE PIECE OF STUPIDITY has been perpetrated by a woman at Pileley, near Clay-cross. To ascertain whether a fire had gone out or was merely smouldering, she got a bottle containing powder and poured a portion of its contents on to the coals. There was an immediate explosion, and the foolish woman was much cut with the glass of the bottle and otherwise injured. The balliffs shortly afterwards entered the house, and, to add to the melancholy situation, made a distraint, which almost stripped it of furniture.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD AND THE OECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

A PARISIAN correspondent of a daily contemporary writes as follows in regard to the approaching grand council at Rome:—

"One of the most interesting subjects of the present time is the approaching (Oecumenical Council in Rome, and, however opposed to Romish creeds and practices a country or a community may be (as is the English), it is impossible to underrate the importance of the Church of Rome as a vital element still of Continental society. Without going so far back as the seventeenth century, and the assertion, under Louis XIV. and Bossuet, of the liberties of the Gallican Church, it will suffice to cast a glance at the situation of the Roman Church since the Great Revolution of 1793 to see what transformations have taken place, and what is the real meaning of those which may now be impending. After 1793 the Church in France was conscious of having suffered not undeservedly, and its members were therefore inclined to be humble and to retrieve the sins of their predecessors. When the Empire was established Napoleon perceived the uses to which he could put the Catholic clergy, and from him dates entirely the new phase through which we of the present day have seen the Romish clergy pass in European countries, especially in France. It had been the boast of the high Gallican clergy of France that never had arbitrary authority found an accomplice in them, and to this boast they had some right. Their spirit was an undeniably liberal one, and you find them, nine times out of ten, on the side of municipal and popular franchise. But after the wholesale persecution of the Great Revolution things were altered; the clergy could not but be grateful to the despot who had reconstructed them, and who became their master. From the hour of the conclusion of the Concordat the Church of France was subservient to the ruler of the country, whoever he might be. During the Empire the clergy was comparatively little talked of; but during the Restoration there was a modification. With Louis XVIII. (who was out and out the nearest approach to a Constitutional Monarch France has ever had) the liberal traditions of the true Gallican Church began to crop up anew, and, with a man of the genuine worth and enlightenment of Mgr. de Frayssinous, Minister of Public Instruction, though a Bishop, little was to be feared, unless it might be the discontent of Rome. Charles X. succeeded; Mgr. de Frayssinous died; narrower views became evident, and priests began to meddle with everyday life, which was intolerable. Still there was, properly speaking, no Ultramontaniam yet, and, *de facto*, the Jesuits were banished. This, at all events, was so much gained. The Revolution of July banished, with the elder Bourbons, all official piety; there was no longer a State religion that pressed upon the citizen and impeded his freedom of action.

"Under Louis Philippe the clergy complained loudly and continuously that they were oppressed, which was not the case—but they were closely watched, and never allowed to encroach. More than ever, from 1830 to 1848, the French clergy were thrown upon their deserts, and of this necessity they reaped all the fruits. When the Revolution burst forth there was universal surprise at the position awarded by common consent to the priesthood. Churches were full everywhere, men (not women alone) prayed, and priests were received on all sides without suspicion. This situation endured till the Empire of Napoleon III. That same absorbing spirit, however, which prompted the first Emperor to restore a Church which should be dependent upon himself, led his nephew also to feel but ill at ease with a clergy whose traditions were essentially French, and at bottom liberal. Napoleon III. recalled the Jesuits, and then the whole aspects of things became different. The present Emperor committed the double fault of fancying France less religious than she is, and of supposing that the Jesuits would be the instruments of any other ends save their own. For the last eighteen years France has known what pure Ultramontaniam is, and the genuine Gallicans have been gradually crushed out from school-room and sacristy. Jesuit teaching is everywhere, and of the nineteen-twentieths of Frenchmen of all classes it is true to say now that they are either untaught or taught by Jesuits. But Loyola does not reign here, or in Spain or Austria only; he reigns and governs above all in Rome.

"The question for Catholics remains this: Is the Pope satisfied with the present situation, or is he not? What Pius IX. thinks, or wishes, or aims at no living creature knows. The Jesuits aim at achieving the personal infallibility; but whether or not that is a bait to the Pope, who will be long number eighty years, none can tell. Some think the Oecumenical Council is an escape from a tyranny grown intolerable. But whatever Pius IX. may think, there is a fact that is worthy of note, and that is, that the Church Universal is asserting itself now daily as against the mere Church of Rome. 'Primum inter pares' is, as theologians say, the real Papal principle; but for the last fifteen years we have heard of the 'Primum' only, and of the 'pares' never. This it is which seems suddenly likely to be altered; and the curious part of it is, that it should be 'suddenly.' We are (if the 'Council' does meet) within five months of the assembling in Rome of all the Bishops of the Catholic world, and until about a month ago no movement in any portion of the various clergies of Europe gave witness that any impression had been produced by this grave announcement. As usual, however, the Jesuits went beyond their natural boundaries, and, encroaching on the domain of the public good sense, began to preach and proclaim the necessity of such Ultramontaniam as startled even the devoutest. The doctrine of personal infallibility was hinted at, then affirmed to be the only possible 'progress.' Then the bishops began to arouse themselves, and to reflect that they are, and that the Pope is not, the Church; and now a general movement is beginning on all sides. The 'Pares' are reflecting whether it be not their duty to bring the 'Primum' to a sense of what his true position is. The first signs of the movement have come from Germany, not from the Protestant but from the Catholic centres, and not solely from the laity but from the clergy. The Governments, which until now have held the patronage of the Jesuits for so precious a support, are beginning to fear lest, should Ultramontaniam have all its own way, they, the temporal rulers, may find themselves all at once transformed into vassals of the Pope. This might be indifferent enough to Sovereigns whose subjects partake in any reasonable degree of modern instruction; but the King of Bavaria, for instance? Suppose him excommunicate; his valorous Tyrolese peasants (the finest population he owns), utterly uncontaminated by the knowledge of even reading and writing, would take the excommunication as seriously as if we were living in the twelfth century, and extremely disagreeable it would be for King Louis and his Court. The clergy and laity, therefore, in the Catholic parts of Germany, and the majority of the French Episcopacy, are, it would seem, preparing to assert their rights, vis-à-vis to the Papal encroachments, and in many a priestly mouth is to be heard the cry, 'Rome is out of the dogma.' But that is not all; another curious fact coincides with this—the virtual possession of Rome by the foreigner.

"The following extract of a letter from a leading Catholic Frenchman may not be uninteresting. It is dated June 25:—

"In my mind the 'Roman question' is already solved, and peacefully so. The cosmopolitan element has seized upon Rome, and made the 'Eternal City' universal. In the course of this year only, one hundred million of francs have been spent in Rome by foreigners—that is, have filtered through Rome into the rest of Italy. Next year this contribution will probably be doubled; but the Romans are vanquished. The Roman aristocracy is nowhere—lives no more. The Roman Papacy is ended. You see it, as it were, lifted up by the heavings of the forces beneath; it cracks like a crust, and will crumble away. The 'outsider,' the man of all lands, the 'barbarian,' is rushing in, and neutralising Rome effectually. No one goes more to reside in Italy, for Italy may be troubled, and the wanderer likes quiet. But Rome, the old Rome of the Roman Papacy, is dying out noiselessly, and the 'whole world' crowds in upon its last hours, and takes its place. Rome is becoming, like Switzerland, the strangers' home; and Italy, far from having anything to lose, has, on the contrary, everything to gain from this state of things. The outward Italians live in the conviction that Pius IX. is the last Italian Pope, and that mere Ultramontaniam must expire with him to make room for the establishment of the Universal Church.

"I give you this as the opinion of a man who is a sincere, though enlightened, Catholic, and who is well placed for judging of what he speaks of."

REORGANISATION OF THE IRISH CHURCH.

THE first manifesto of the Irish Bishops and Archbishops on the future organisation of the Irish Church has just appeared. The following is the text of the document:—

To the Clergy and Laity of the Church of Ireland, Grace and Peace be multiplied through Jesus Christ our Lord.

We have this day issued our writs, summoning the provincial synods of our respective provinces to meet in Armagh and Dublin. The purpose for which we have called them together is to consult and treat on the representation of the clergy in that general synod of Bishops, clergy, and laity, the expediency of assembling which has been recently declared by a unanimous resolution of the Irish prelates.

In considering a subject of such momentous importance as a future polity for the Church of Ireland, we felt strongly that we had not to originate a constitution for a new communion, but to repair a sudden breach in one of the most ancient Churches in Christendom.

The State, which represented and acted for the laity, having withdrawn all connection with the Church, it became a matter of necessity to devise means to reintroduce the lay element in a manner which should be in consonance with the principles and rules which had heretofore prevailed in her ecclesiastical constitution.

Precedents of an ancient date might have justified the archbishops in summoning, of their own authority, provincial synods of the bishops, clergy, and laity of the Church, to meet and consult on pressing affairs. We could not, however, exercise this power without deciding questions concerning the representation of the clergy and laity which we have thought it better to leave to them to determine respectively for themselves. We felt that the clergy would naturally and reasonably desire to consider on their own behalf the changes which would be necessary to adapt their representation to the present circumstances of the Church; and that it would also be more satisfactory to the laity if the preparation of a scheme of lay representation were committed to themselves. We had then in respect of the clergy to fall back upon the ancient ecclesiastical synods of the two provinces which, though they have been long in abeyance, were yet in existence, and capable at any moment of being called into active operation by proper authority. In the province of Dublin the synod has been actually summoned *pro forma* every third year, for nearly a century and a half.

In recurring to the ancient provincial synods, as a means of bringing before the consideration of the clergy the question of their future representation, we were met at the outset by a very formidable difficulty in the constitution of the synods themselves.

In lapse of time great changes had taken place in the Church. Bishops had been united, chapters had decayed, and been left without either duties or property; while the number of the clergy had increased more than three-fold. It was, therefore, clear that the proportion of parochial clergy who were summoned one hundred and fifty years ago would be by no means an adequate representation at the present day. Such an obsolete arrangement would be satisfactory neither to the clergy nor to the laity of the Church.

It will therefore be, in our judgment, the immediate duty of the synods, which must be summoned on the ancient mode, to consider and carry out such changes as will give to the parochial clergy the position which they may justly claim in the representative body.

It may by some be considered unreasonable to bring the clergy from all parts of Ireland for the sole purpose of reforming their representation in the provincial synods. But when we call to mind how highly honourable and important a task it is to adapt the ancient synod of the Church to the requirements of its present condition, and by removing obsolete arrangements, to give it a constitution which shall obtain the confidence and co-operation of the whole Church, the objection will, we trust, disappear.

Public opinion, the united wishes of clergy and laity, and the interests of the Church, so clearly define what is required that we doubt not it will be fully accomplished, whatever sacrifices may be required on the part of present members of the synod. This being done, and the numbers which are to constitute the representation of the clergy being definitively settled, these ecclesiastical synods will be dissolved for the purpose of reassembling in that new shape which they will have given themselves, and in union with such a number of lay representatives as would properly complete the constitution of the proposed general synod.

We now address ourselves especially to the laity of the Church of Ireland, with the expression of our earnest hope that they will prepare such a representation of themselves against the time of this reassembling as may, when united with the clerical representation, complete that body which the necessities of the Church so urgently demand.

We are quite aware of the many difficulties and embarrassments which must beset our lay brethren in the undertaking of such a work—above all, in the making a beginning. And, if we have been slow to proffer any suggestions as to the way in which the laity should arrange the scheme of their representation, this has arisen altogether from an apprehension lest we should appear to limit that freedom of action on their part which we sincerely desire them to exercise; and we are anxious to express in our own name, in the name of the whole episcopal body, and, as we are confident, in the name of the entire clergy, our readiness to co-operate in this work, by counsel, or by any other means in our power.

If it should be thought expedient to make use of the parochial system and diocesan conferences, as on a late occasion, we offer ourselves, and we are sure that we may also offer the ready help of all our clergy, for the carrying out of the wishes of our lay brethren.

Earnestly praying that, in a task so novel, so perplexing, so arduous, of such immense significance for the whole future of our Church, as that which is before us, we may each and all be guided by that Holy Spirit of truth, unity, and concord. Who can alone give us a happy issue from the difficulties and dangers which are round about us on every side.

We remain, your faithful servants in Christ,
August 18, 1869.

M. G. ARMAGH,
R. C. DUBLIN.

The first meeting for discussing the details of the organisation of the new Church Body was held at Belfast on Friday week—the Bishop of Down and Connor presiding. The immediate business was the constitution of the diocesan synod, and the Bishop was careful to insist that the business in hand did not directly touch the formation of the larger body. With regard to the diocesan synod his Lordship suggested that one fifth of the clergy should be chosen to represent the clerical element, and that certain dignitaries should be *ex officio* members of the synod. On the lay side he proposed to have about the same number—ten—of official members, including the Lord Lieutenant and the members of Parliament connected with the diocese, and the Mayor of Belfast. In addition to these, he proposed to admit one delegate for every 4000 members of the Church, making altogether a body comprising about fifty clerical and fifty lay members. This scheme, however, does not appear to have been sufficiently popular to meet the views of those assembled, and an amendment was carried, suggesting that all the clergy within the diocese should be members of the synod, and that an equal number of laymen should be elected by the members of the Church in the several parishes. It is likely that this variation from the episcopal programme will be followed in other dioceses.

The appeal to the voluntary principle in connection with the disestablished Church bids fair to be successful. Mr. George Woods, of Milverton Hall, in the county of Dublin, has publicly announced his willingness to subscribe at once £1000 towards this fund. Mr. Barlow Smythe, a deputy lieutenant of the county of Westmeath, has offered £100 a year for five years. The Rev. Mr. Caulfeild subscribes £20 a year for five years. It is probable that the stimulus of these contributions will lead to some organised action (independent of questions of representation in the Church body, whether lay or clerical), with the view of giving the Protestant people an opportunity of displaying their zeal for the Church.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—Professor Stokes was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1851, and in the following year he announced to that learned body, in a lengthened and elaborate communication, his discovery of the change of refrangibility of light. His researches on this subject originated in a consideration of the very remarkable phenomenon discovered by Sir John Herschel in a solution of quinine, and described by him to the Royal Society in 1845. Though the quinine appears perfectly transparent, and colourless like water, yet when viewed by transmitted light it exhibits in certain aspects, and under certain incidences of the light, a beautiful celestial blue colour. This had been shown by Sir David Brewster to be a particular case of the general phenomenon of the chromatic dispersion of light within the substance of transparent bodies, whether solid or liquid. Professor Stokes determined that in the phenomenon of internal dispersion, so called, the refrangibility of light is changed—incident light of definite refrangibility giving rise to dispersed light of various refrangibilities; also that the colour of light is in general changed by internal dispersion, the new colour always corresponding to the new refrangibility. The scientific value of the discovery will be evident when it is remembered that, according to the received Newtonian doctrine, the refrangibility of light had hitherto been considered its most inherent and invariable quality.—*Letter to Hour.*

SUCCESSFUL OBSERVATIONS OF A GREAT SOLAR ECLIPSE.

THE most interesting results cannot fail to accrue to science from the success with which the American astronomers have been able to observe the great eclipse of Aug. 7. In many respects this eclipse was better suited to the requirements of photographers and spectroscopists even than the eclipse of last year. It did not, indeed, last quite so long, but the operations of the photographer were not interfered with by the effects of the tremendous heat of the tropics; and, again, the eclipsed sun was not, as in 1868 (in India), close to the point overhead, so that observers could watch the eclipse with more comfort, and therefore with greater attention. The track of the moon's shadow—the real shadow, we mean, not the penumbra—lay across the eastern parts of Siberia, thence to the part of America which formerly belonged to Russia, thence with a south-easterly course across the very heart of the United States from Minnesota to North Carolina; and the shadow left the earth at a point close by the Bermuda Isles.

The American astronomers availed themselves worthily of the favourable opportunity thus presented to them. Along the line of the eclipse several observing parties were stationed; spectroscopy and the difficult processes of celestial photography were successfully applied; and a set of observers devoted themselves to the search for Vulcan, or any other planets which may exist within the orbit of Mercury. Nor were meteorological observations neglected. The phenomena presented by the red prominences naturally occupied a large share of attention. The recent researches of astronomers have revealed so many striking and interesting facts respecting these objects that it was looked on as a matter of extreme importance to secure fresh observations of the prominences under the favourable circumstances of a total eclipse. Astronomers have indeed managed to make the prominences visible without the aid of an eclipse; but the red flames are thus seen "as through a glass, darkly." It is only during a total eclipse that their most striking features can be distinctly recognised. And then there are particular reasons for looking on them with interest at the present time. Their association with the solar spots has long been a subject of attention, and now the sun's face is in an unusually spotty state, is seamed and furrowed by the great facular waves, and, in fact, indicates in a number of striking ways the approach of the period of maximum disturbance. Thus the red prominences are just now more than usually significant. They can teach us much, it may be, respecting the laws of that strange periodic process of disturbance which forms one of the most perplexing problems presented to the astronomer.

We hear, therefore, with pleasure that these objects were not only seen with unusual distinctness, but have been photographed successfully, and have revealed under spectroscopic research a new and interesting feature. So soon as the totality had commenced, a red prominence appeared on the left side of the sun, resembling a tongue of flame projected horizontally. Presently another was made out, projecting vertically downwards from the lowest point of the sun. In the telescope, however, many more were seen; and, doubtless, when the photographs have been enlarged, it will be found—as on former occasions—that many prominences existed which even the telescope did not reveal. For Mr. De La Rue, F.R.S., who has mastered more successfully than any other astronomer the difficulties of celestial photography, has noticed that the prominences are sometimes of such extreme delicacy as to reveal themselves only by the influence of their chemical rays. One of the prominences was carefully analysed under the spectroscopic of Professor Winlock, who detected no less than eleven lines in its spectrum. Thus the observations of M. Rayet last year during the eclipse in India, are more than confirmed. He announced the existence of eight lines, but, as no one else had seen them, considerable doubt rested on the observation. Now, we may look upon it as certain that these enormous flames, which reach tens of thousands of miles from the sun's surface, contain other elements in combustion than the hydrogen hitherto alone proved to exist in them. What those elements are our spectroscopists will doubtless soon learn. Messrs. Janssen and Lockyer have not hitherto been able to detect the lines seen by Mr. Winlock, but, perhaps, Mr. Huggins may be able to see them when his new and powerful telescope has been mounted and set in action.

THE DISTURBANCES AT RHYMNEY, between the Welsh and the Irish, have resulted in serious loss to the latter. The Welsh had the best of the row, and completely routed the Irish, inflicting severe injuries on some of them. The streets where the Irish live present the appearance of a place that has been in a state of siege.

ATTEMPTED MURDER AT ALDERSHOT.—Yet another attempted murder at Aldershot. On Monday night a corporal of the 5th Fusiliers was fired at by a sergeant of the same regiment; but the ball, fortunately, missed him. In this case the culprit, being of higher rank than his victim, could not have had precisely the same reason for antipathy against him which has given rise to several military murders, and his own statement is that a sudden impulse prompted him to do it. He is stated to have been perfectly sober. A fatal occurrence is reported from the camp on Tuesday morning. Quartermaster-Sergeant M'Elew of the same regiment having committed suicide by shooting himself with his rifle.

AN AMERICAN GIRL OF THE PERIOD.—The typical American girl of the period is thus delineated by a native artist, whom we half suspect to be one of the three rejected suitors:—"She went to the theatre and two parties in one evening, carried on three flirtations at each, and the next day refused three offers of marriage, accepted two and broke off three previous engagements, read four novels, wrote two letters and one hundred notes of invitation, practised her music lesson, made herself a new waterfall, ate breakfast, lunch, and dinner, took a walk on Fifth Avenue, bought two pounds of French candy and ate it, rode to the Central Park with one of her lovers, and walked home with the other."

A NEW SOURCE OF MEAT SUPPLY.—What Australia is for mutton South America is for beef. One country breeds sheep for wool, the other breeds cattle for hides. In each place the meat itself is a drug, and beef and mutton are treated as waste. One or two experiments were tried with dried meat from the River Plate, but without much success. Now, however, the beasts have been sent over alive. On Friday week a cargo of oxen arrived from Montevideo, after a thirty-days' voyage, and, though the conditions had been singularly unfavourable, the cattle were landed without so much as a casualty. Yet these beasts had been shipped in a hurry and without selection; the preparations made for the voyage were imperfect, and the vessel was short of water, not to say food. It is obvious that, with greater care, a much better venture could be managed; and, indeed, we are assured that a contractor at Montevideo has offered to supply any quantity of fine cattle, well prepared, and weighing not less than 800 lb. each, at £4 a head, free on board. It is not surprising to learn that a line of steamers is to be established for so promising a trade, and perhaps cheap butchers' meat may be in prospect for us at last.

A DEVOTED FOLLOWER.

FRANCE is avowedly the native land of heroes; but for the moment the hero dearest to the heart of France is not a Frenchman, not a native of the land, not skilled in its idiom, but making use of what the people there call a *baragouinage*, hardly sounding to their fastidious ears like human language. Yet for several days the Boulevard world has been full of his name. This fortunate man is José Mendez, a Spaniard, in the service of M. Lucas, the lion-tamer, at the hippodrome. M. Lucas, we are told, was exhibiting five lions in one cage, a family belonging to three generations—an old couple, a young couple, and a whelp of these latter. M. Lucas was a daily visitor at the cage, and he usually entered it armed with a thick stick; but the other day the "lion king" had no other sceptre than a switch. The old couple, meeting him at the cage door, crouched as usual at their tamer's feet; but it happened, as he was turning to the younger members of the household, that he for one moment lost sight of the old lioness. No longer awed by the master's eye, and, as it is supposed, mindful of some severe chastisement to which she had been submitted some time before, the savage creature sprang at M. Lucas's throat, and fastened her fangs on his lower jaw, at the same time that her claws tore the arm by which she strove to drag the helpless man to the ground. The signal of attack being thus given, the lion on his own side caught M. Lucas by his thigh, inflicting fearful wounds. There was an instant of intense horror, agony, and

confusion among the spectators, while M. Lucas's attendants stood as if spell-bound, gazing on, resigned to a catastrophe which seemed too sure to be over before any means of averting it could be devised. It was at this terrible crisis that José Mendez became aware of the great heart that beat in his bosom. The Spaniard was simply his master's house-servant. He had no hand in the affairs of the menagerie, and had never been in a lion's cage; yet, without a second's hesitation, he rushed in at the door of the cage, and, with the butt-end of a revolver, the only weapon he found at hand, dealt so

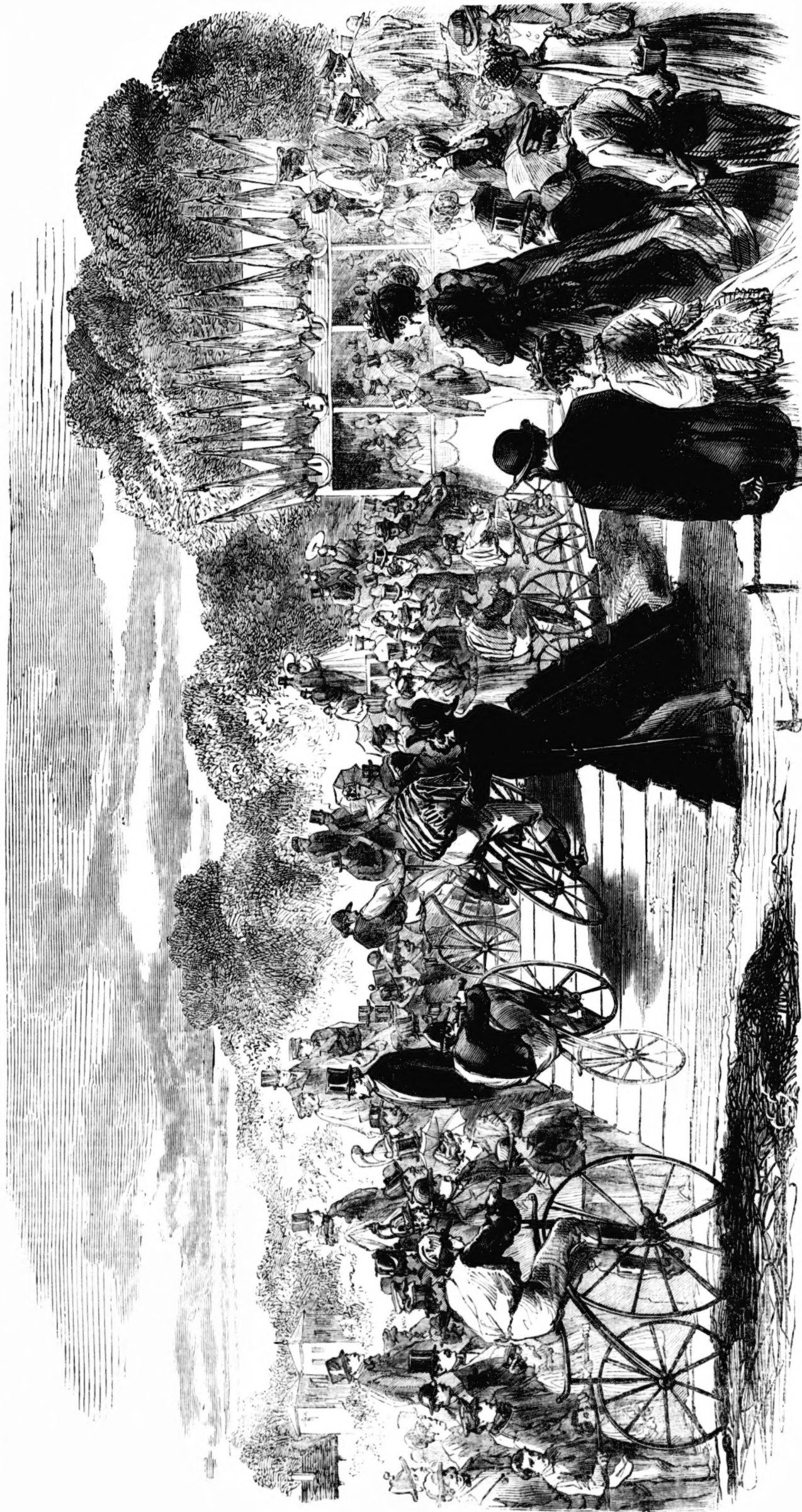
smart a blow to the lioness's head as to compel her to release her grasp. The Spaniard next dashed, with all the weight of his body, at the lion, and flung him headlong to the back of the cage. He then caught up the mangled body of his rescued master with his left arm, while he turned his right hand, with the levelled pistol, at the astonished lions, facing them with a steady eye, and backing slowly with his wounded burden. The attendants, who had by this time come to their senses, wrenched till a few bars from the cage and made an opening through which man and master effected their retreat, and which was immediately barricaded

against the still angry but bewildered inmates. The unfortunate "lion-king," bleeding from thirty-three wounds, was intrusted to the care of medical attendants. His preserver did not seem to think much of his exploit, and to those who crowded about him with frantic admiration of his courage he replied in his own Gallo-Iberian *patois*, which so heartily amused the Parisians, to the effect that "he had made up his mind they should not be allowed to make a dinner of his master before they had breakfasted upon himself."

M. Lucas has since died of the injuries he sustained.

VELOCIPEDE-RACES AT LEVALLOIS.

VELOCIPEDE-RACERS will perhaps regard with interest a new element of danger which has been ingeniously introduced into a contest at Levallois, one of the "outing" places which is to the Parisian what Hendon or Tottenham may be to the veritable Londoner. As the principal charm of the new method of locomotion seems to be connected with the probabilities of fracture and contusion, the competitors at the French suburb deserve the thanks of their admirers for introducing a race "with



VELOCIPEDE RACES AT LEVALLOIS.

obstacles." Surely no more need be said. Our Engraving, taken from a sketch made on the spot, will suggest to the excited imagination of enthusiastic readers all that will be necessary to exalt the practice of the new means of locomotion to a real peril. A German gentleman the other day came down the rugged slope of a mountain on his favourite vehicle, and though he spent almost as much time in mid-air as on the solid stony ground, he contrived to disappoint his friends, who predicted his reduction to a compound fracture, if not a series of fractures, of humanity, and reached the bottom of the valley with only a few slight contusions, the velodrome itself coming off with a jammed wheel bar. It may be that

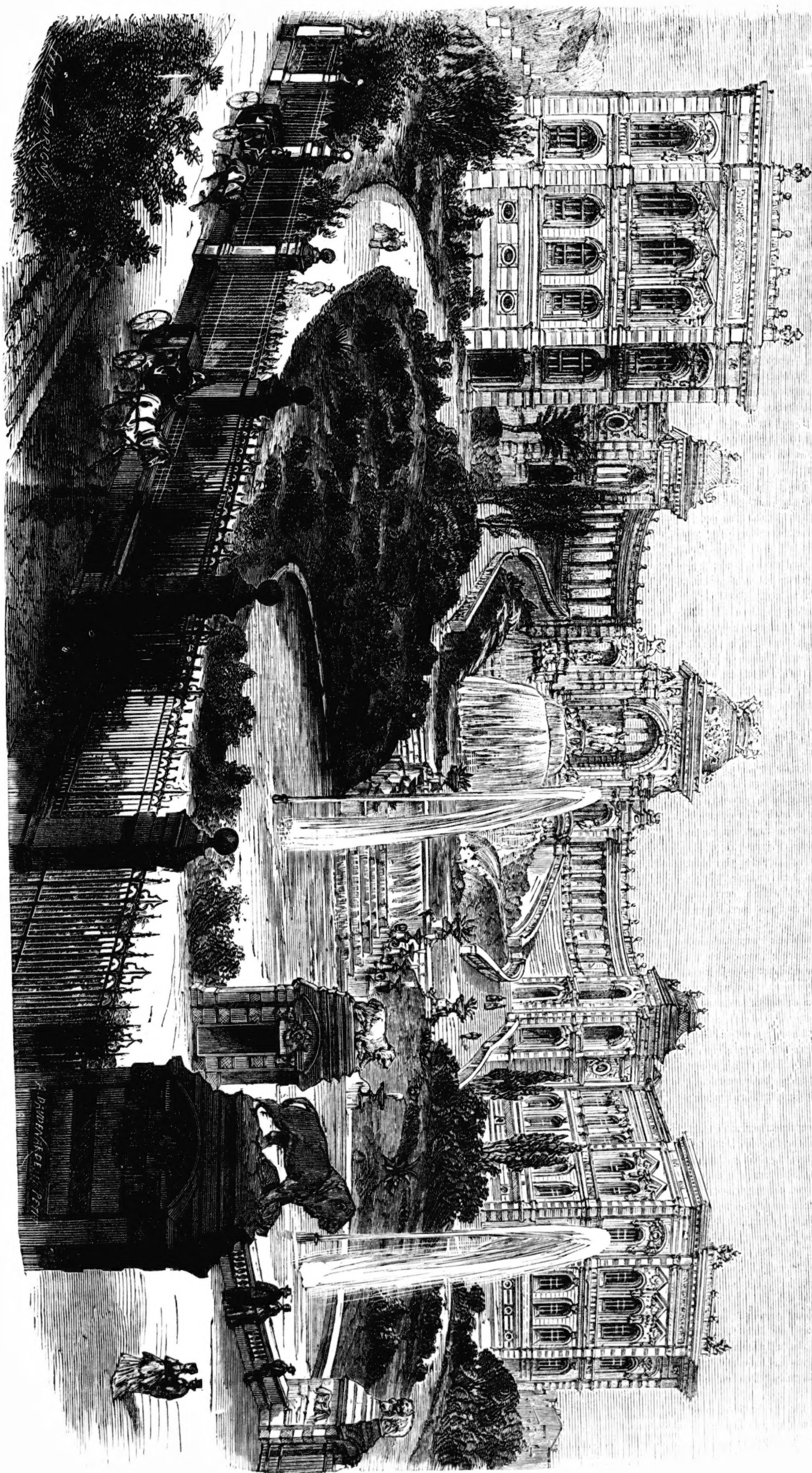
races with obstructions are intended to develop the use of the vehicle, and that by next season we may hear of the performances of a new Alpine club taking a cruise upon wheels up and down Mont Blanc.

THE NEW FINE-ART PALACE AND MUSEUM AT MARSEILLES.

THE inauguration of a palace may be a small thing with M. Haussmann, who has multiplied such buildings in the French capital till we scarcely

know where houses or "hotels" end and more distinguished residences begin; but at Marseilles—the hot, the white, the glaring—such an event is of more importance. Not that Marseilles is altogether deficient in fine buildings of various kinds; but the palace of Longchamps adds a new feature to that famous city—a new faubourg, as well as a grand gallery for painting and sculpture—for at the end of the baking streets and scorched squares, a district, which may be compared to the Faubourg St. Germain for fashion and luxury, has arisen to compensate the Marseillais for many ills. Spacious, shady with plane-trees and other shrubs, suggestive of comparative coolness, and with new houses, sober but imposing in

architecture, is the neighbourhood in which the new palace is the chief attraction; and the imperial building itself is the gem of the boulevard, with its two magnificent wings, and its delightful "system" of fountains tinkling harmonious welcome as one ascends the grand staircases on each side. On the right are the galleries devoted to the mineralogical and zoological collections; on the left, those of painting and sculpture; and the centre is occupied by a kind of vast loggia with Florentine ornaments, forming a riato which crosses an artificial cataract of the waters of the Durançe. The effect is truly fine, and the architectural details of the building are admirably adapted to this novel attraction.



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SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1869.

MORALITY AND THE STAGE.

SOME—indeed, most—of our contemporaries have been occupying themselves with the discussion of the morality, or, at least, expediency from a moral point of view, of a drama now just "out" at a leading theatre. Into the question of the propriety or impropriety of the particular play we certainly shall not enter. Nor is it likely that matters of the kind will ever be determined by reference to principles. People in general will decide upon the character of a play by rough-and-ready considerations, by traditional prejudices, by what they find in their newspapers, and so on. Nevertheless, a few paragraphs upon the question of principle may not be thrown away.

In the first place, it is a great mistake, and one with a windbag look, to plead for the stage at all upon the ground that the drama is a moral teacher. In a sense intelligible to artists and thinkers the drama, in all its forms—from tragedy, with its "purification by terror," to innocent farce or burlesque—is a powerful moral agent; but a teacher in the ordinary meaning of the word it is not. Good art in all its shapes improves the human being by the discipline, insensible to him while it is in operation, of the feelings; but, though art must not place virtue at a disadvantage in a drama or elsewhere, its object is not to "inculcate" virtue any more than that is the object of Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words, or the last picture of Mr. Millais or Mr. Leighton. On the other hand, since human life, considered as a scheme, is, on the whole, favourable to goodness, any picture of life in a play must (if it is to be truthful, like any other picture) be favourable to goodness also. It may safely be affirmed that the work of a great dramatic poet will inevitably be moral in its tendency, because the qualities that make high dramatic genius cannot work in immoral grooves.

Practically, we are often confronted with the question, whether this or that kind of wickedness may be represented on the stage without probable injury to public morals? and it is seldom difficult to decide the case upon its merits. There are, it is true, some simple folk who fancy that a story in which anything immoral occurs is an immoral story; but these are beyond the reach of argument. We do not decide that "Jack Sheppard" is an immoral play because Jack Sheppard does wrong; nor that it is a moral play because he comes to the gallows for his wrongdoing; we decide that it is objectionable because it is impossible to represent the bad consequences of crime with sufficient force or detail to counterbalance the exciting picture made up by the enterprise and ingenuity which for a long time made the crime safe: these two last elements being things peculiarly attractive to adolescents. For a play you must have an interesting story, and this necessity will compel you to keep the wrongdoing vividly before the mind for a good while in a form not wholly unattractive.

It appears to be safer, however, to represent crime on the stage than some sorts of vice. With all the art and appliances in the world, it is impossible to exhibit the ill-consequences of a debauched life upon the dramatic canvas in at all proportionate dimensions. These consequences are often slow in realisation, collateral, remote, and too horrible to be shown in public. You may exhibit your debauchee ruined, sick, disgraced, or dying, in your last act; but what is that compared with the impression you have produced in the previous acts by showing him in the midst of a career of selfish enjoyment? People are ruined and are sick from all sorts of causes, and they die of all manner of diseases; and in the meanwhile you have familiarised the spectator's mind with pictures more or less true of those parts of his history which are held to be attractive. The question who is killed and who survives decides nothing. In "King Lear" Cordelia dies, and in "Othello" Desdemona; yet they are both moral plays.

Perhaps it may be laid down that for the guidance of ordinary playwrights the most important points are these. First, it is not sufficient that you wreck Tommy the bad boy on the coast of Barbary, where he is torn by lions; you must show a logical connection between his offence and his punishment. If you give a mischievous, fingering child a long lesson to learn for a punishment, it misses the moral; but if you tie his hands together, it understands and

remembers. It is a great fault in stage "retribution" that it is so often illogical—why, for instance, should a cruel bill-discounter be drowned? Secondly, you must not represent the attractive aspects of crime or vice unless you can also—which practically you never can—exhibit the other side with equal emphasis and detail. Thirdly, you may take it as a general rule, that the more modern and familiar the ground upon which your personages play their parts, the more dangerous it is to put pleasant vice upon the stage. "Antony and Cleopatra" is not immoral, partly because the scenery and associations are very remote, because there is a halo of historic sanctity about them, and because Shakspeare was a great poet and could not be a little panderer. But if you take out the heroism and the poetry, and plant your "Antony and Cleopatra" at Twickenham in the midst of the most familiar commonplaces, you are in great danger of producing an immoral play.

This is putting the case at the very lowest.

THE LAW AFFECTING INSURANCE COMPANIES IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

For the information of those of our readers who are either directly or indirectly interested in the solvency and respectability of life assurance companies, we give below an accurate summary of the statute law in the State of New York which affects life insurance and its method of operation.

Government appoints, in the first place, a superintendent of the insurance department, with an office and staff of assistants. He holds office for three years only, and must give a bond for 10,000 dols., with two sureties, for the faithful discharge of his duties; and he is forbidden to have interest in or connection with insurance companies of whatever kind. The expenses of this department are defrayed by fees and fines, and any deficiency is made by a tax levied on all stock assurance companies for the benefit of the public. To this there are certain exceptions, to be alluded to hereafter. Life insurance companies are not permitted to undertake any other kind of risks, such as fire, marine insurance, &c. The different companies are all subject to the same statute law and minor regulations. Separate companies, separate capitals, and separate accounts are required for each class, and the first division is limited entirely to life insurance and annuity business.

No company is allowed to commence business and receive payments with a less capital than 100,000 dols., which must be paid up and deposited in approved securities with the insurance department, and not less than thirteen persons may form themselves into a company. These regulations complied with, a certificate is granted by the superintendent, which is to be authority for commencing work, and which may be used in evidence in all suits which may hereafter arise for or against the office. On taking any risk, whether in annuity or life assurance, it is compulsory to set apart a sum which, annually invested at a low rate of interest in Government securities, will be sufficient to discharge the policy at maturity.

The filing and publication of accounts is regulated with great exactitude. The superior officers of the company, with the secretary, actuary, or a majority of the trustees, must prepare on oath, and deposit in the insurance department on Jan. 1 in each year, or within sixty days afterwards, a statement in which the following particulars are set forth in a clear and comprehensive form:—The number of policies issued or annuities granted during the year; the amount of assurance effected thereby; the amount of cash taken in premiums; the amount of cash in interest and all other receipts; the different items to be specified; the amount in losses paid during the year; the amount in losses unpaid; the amount in management expenses; whole number of policies in force; amount of consequent liabilities and all other risks; amount of capital stock; amount of accumulation, stating whether received in purchase of annuities, or, if otherwise, how; amount of assets, and how invested, whether in real estate, bonds, mortgage, Government stock, &c.; amount of dividend unpaid; a tabular statement of policies at present in force, whether for the whole term of life, or any shorter term, showing how many for each term, and for what amount of liability.

It will be seen that this style of publishing accounts does not afford a loophole for evasion or fraud. If the officers of the company furnish false or fraudulent accounts, they are liable to be dealt with under the criminal law.

The official superintendent of State has very large discretionary powers. He supplies the necessary forms for accounts, and can vary them so as to elicit further particulars. He can also vary the standard of interest assumed, and at least once in every five years makes a valuation of all outstanding policies of every insurance company transacting business within the State. If he has at any time reason to suspect the accuracy of the accounts or the soundness of the office, he has power to suspend its action, to order a special investigation, to examine the officers and agents on oath, and to publish the results. If they are not satisfactory, he revokes the certificate, and, with the concurrence of the Supreme Court, he orders the company to discontinue business, and the effects, including the securities, are confiscated in compensation of the claims of the policy-holders. The expenses of this kind of investigation are entirely at the cost of the offending company, and foreign companies doing business within the State are subject to the same law, without fear or favour. There are also severe fines inflicted for violation of the minor provisions of the statute, whereof the least is 500 dols.—and half this goes to the informer.

No doubt, if insurance business were a risky or speculative kind of trade, largely depending on credit, like banking or bill discounting, publicity of all transactions to this degree would affect and restrict it injuriously; but this is not so; the insuring of lives is managed on a system of averages, which give results as certain as a common rule of arithmetic. Under this legislation insurance business in New York has been extraordinarily successful, and stands on ground so safe and sound that we may well be moved to envy. One office took in the course of a twelvemonth £800,000 in new premiums, and the policy-holders are perfectly secure that their claims will be duly satisfied at the proper time. On the other hand, two branch establishments of English companies doing business within the State were the subjects of special investigations, were ordered to discontinue business, and the moneys were confiscated for the benefit of the policy-holders by the operation of the Act we have described. The names of the companies are the European and the International; the latter is now in process of winding up in England. Under these circumstances it is idle to ask which law is the best, or whether Englishmen or Americans are best situated with respect to life insurance. Of all the guarantees and precautions exacted under the statute law of New York State, hardly one, and that in a most vague and unsatisfactory manner, is contemplated by the English law.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE HARVEST.—The harvest accounts are, on the whole, satisfactory. The farmers complain both of the quantity and quality of the new wheat; but, considering the increased acreage, the total yield will probably be equal to last year's, or very near it. Looking at the general excellence of other crops, the total produce of the soil, both at home and abroad, promises to be decidedly above the average. The weather is now all-important. Saturday was, as it appears from reports which reach us, a most favourable day all over the country. The harvest prospect has already checked the advance in the price of wheat, and the present tendency is downwards. The American papers to hand speak more favourably of the food prospects in the United States. The *New York Tribune* predicts that millions of bushels of wheat will sell for about a dollar a bushel; and that potatoes will hardly bring more than a dollar a barrel.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH has arrived at Honolulu, on board the Galathea, and has been enthusiastically received. From the Sandwich Islands the Prince proceeds to Japan, and thence to China.

PRINCE ARTHUR arrived at Halifax on Sunday, after one of the quickest passages yet made, and was received with due honours on Monday, the public reception being at first postponed on account of the day being Sunday.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH left Paris on Monday for Fontainebleau, whence she proceeded on Wednesday to Lyons en route for Corsica. Her Majesty is accompanied by the Prince Imperial.

LORD AUCKLAND, Bishop of Bath and Wells, who has long been an invalid, is seriously ill.

MR. GLADSTONE'S HEALTH continues to improve at Walmer. On Monday the right hon. gentleman received an address from the Corporation of Deal.

THE HEALTH OF THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD is improved considerably. THE DEATH OF M. SALVADOR PATTI is announced from Paris. M. Patti was father of Adelina Patti, of Madame Strakosch, and of Carlotta Patti.

THE DUKE OF ST. ALBANS is patron of the living of Redborne, which is now vacant, and he has intimated that he will defer to the wish of the parishioners as to the selection of the new clergyman. The parishioners, who happen to be also the Duke's tenants, will doubtless appreciate the liberty accorded them.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has appointed the following gentlemen revising barristers for the metropolitan district for the present year:—Mr. James Newton Goren, for the county of Middlesex; Mr. Spencer Percival, for the city of London; Mr. Francis James Bacon, for Westminster, Marylebone, Finsbury, and the Tower Hamlets; and Mr. Nassau John Senior, for Hackney and Chelsea.

THE LIMERICK, CLARE, AND TIPPERARY FARMERS' CLUB has selected Mr. Isaac Butt as a candidate for Tipperary, in the room of Mr. Moore, deceased.

THE REV. PETER GRANT, a Roman Catholic priest, committed suicide on Sunday morning at Dundee. The rev. gentleman had been insane four weeks, and was to have been removed to an asylum on Monday.

MR. BEVAN, Dr. Binney's assistant at Weighhouse Chapel, has accepted the pastorate at Whitfield's Tabernacle, Tottenham-court-road.

THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND has arranged to rent hunting-stables at Navan, with a view of regularly hunting with the Meath hounds during the coming season.

THE CANONRY IN YORK MINSTER vacant by the death of the Rev. G. Dixon, of Helmsley, has been conferred by the Archbishop on the Rev. T. F. Simmons, Rector of Dalton Holme.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER has sent in a formal resignation of the see, which he has held forty-two years. It is understood that the right rev. prelate will retain Farnham Castle, as Dr. Blomfield retained Fulham Palace on his resignation of the diocese of London.

A MR. WARREN, a retired farmer at Madron, Cornwall, died on Thursday week, leaving alive fourteen children, sixty-six grandchildren, and thirty great-grandchildren. Deceased's age was eighty-seven.

DR. CONNEAU, who is at this moment in Corsica, is occupied in superintending the organisation of a corps of young ladies, who have solicited the honour of forming a body-guard to the Prince Imperial during his Highness's stay in the island.

PRESIDENT GRANT recently visited Newburg, in the United States, and replied to an address of welcome presented to him. He was afterwards entertained at a collation, and his health proposed. Upon this he rose and said, "You don't expect any person to make two speeches in one day; therefore you will not expect me to make a reply."

THE COMMISSIONERS OF INLAND REVENUE have notified their intention of enforcing the penalty against all persons known to have killed game without a license during the present season.

THE LATE FATAL COLLISION AT BARNET was again the subject of investigation before a coroner's jury on Tuesday; and, as further consideration was deemed necessary, an adjournment for a month was agreed to.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT, whose bodily frame, a French correspondent writes, is reduced to a mere wreck, still takes a lively interest in the questions to which his life has been devoted. He has read the protest of the South German Catholics against Ultramontanism, and has caused it to be made known that he heartily sympathises with every word of it. For this M. Vuilliot of course calls him a traitor.

THE NEXT MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION is to be held at Liverpool, 91 votes having been given for the great seat of commerce on the Mersey and 86 for Edinburgh. Professor Huxley will be the president at the Liverpool meeting.

TWO OTHER BODIES HAVE BEEN GOT OUT OF THE OAKS PIT. They were found in the No. 9 new level, and were laid close to the face of the coal, in which a pick was found stuck. They were owned as a man named Andrew Coward and his son-in-law, Joshua Fawkes, who both worked together, and, when alive, resided in Barnsley.

BY THE NEW ACT, to "kill seeds," by destroying the vital power, or to "dye seeds," by colour, to give them the appearance of another seed, is punishable by a fine of £5 for the first offence and £50 afterwards, with publication of the offence and the name of the offender, at his expense, in the newspapers.

THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE GERMANIA, the mail-steamer, lost off Cape Race, have been brought to England by the *Cimbria*. Most of the specie on board has been recovered, and it is believed the remainder will be. The mails were saved, but they were a good deal wetted.

THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS OF SAN FRANCISCO have purchased a cane, valued at 1000 dols., for presentation to W. H. Seward on his return from Alaska. The head of the stick is composed of forty-one triangular pieces of gold-bearing quartz, from the principal mines in California, set in gold.

TWO GENTLEMEN left Abergevenny last Saturday, at six a.m., upon a tricycle, built on an original plan by one of the party, and arrived at Cheltenham, a distance of about sixty miles, at one p.m. After refreshing, they retraced their steps as far as Monmouth, another forty miles, which they reached about seven in the evening, thus doing the one hundred miles, including stoppages, in thirteen hours.

DR. LUSH, one of the members for Salisbury, has contradicted a report that he had been nominated by the Government to the office of a Commissioner in Lunacy, and would consequently vacate his seat. Dr. Lush has no intention of resigning his seat in Parliament either now or at any other time, so long as he is enabled to preserve the confidence of his constituents.

THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY have agreed to give the amount formerly paid for Church rates to institutions for religious instruction, and to a benevolent (permanent) fund which it was now proposed to raise for the officers. The company have also determined to increase the amount for churches, schools, and hospitals, from £365 to £600 a year.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND, speaking at the annual dinner of the Strathgogie Farmers' Club, made allusion to the Irish land question. He admitted that the question was a difficult and even disagreeable one, but it was one they must be prepared to face. He attributed the superior condition of tenants in Scotland, as compared with Ireland, to the greater number of large holdings.

A NEW PAPER in Boise City, Idaho, introduces itself to the public in the following terms:—"Salutatory. We have started a paper. Name: Capital Chronicle. Principles: Democratic to the hilt. Object: To make a living. Office: On Main-street, about 300 yards below the Overland Hotel, opposite an old oyster can in the road. And we'll run it or 'bust.'"

INSPECTOR BROOKS, who gave such evidence at the Thames Police Court a few days ago that the magistrate plainly said he did not believe him, has been fined two days' pay and "severely censured" by Captain Labalmondiere. The Custom House authorities, under whom Brooks also held an appointment, have not dealt with him quite so leniently, for they have deprived him of his post.

THE FIRST APPLICATION OF THE HABITUAL CRIMINALS ACT in the case of a prisoner committed to penal servitude was made on Tuesday at the Middlesex Sessions. A man who was convicted of stealing a ham, and against whom former convictions were proved, was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, to be followed by seven years' police surveillance.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE has broken out in East and West Prussia, at Elbing and Rosenberg, in the district of Marienwerder, where 214 head of cattle have been slaughtered, and in the neighbourhood of Mulhausen. The places in question were at once surrounded by a military cordon. In the Neumark this system has proved so effectual that it has already been found possible to modify the regulations in some respects so as to facilitate traffic.

THE JURY empanelled to inquire into the circumstances attending the late boiler explosion on the Thames returned their verdict on Tuesday. They found that there was not sufficient evidence to account for the explosion, and exonerated the owners of the tug from blame. At the same time, they called the attention of the Board of Trade to the inefficient manner in which the capacities of boilers are tested.

A BAKER was summoned at the Marylebone Police Court on Tuesday for having sold bread short of weight. A customer had sent to the defendant's shop for "a cottage" and a "household" loaf, and instead of each weighing 2lb. one was five ounces short and the other two. The baker, who admitted that he never weighed bread over the counter, pleaded that it was rightly "scaled" on being placed in the oven. The magistrate inflicted a penalty of 40s.

THE LOUNGER.

LAST week I sketched the ecclesiastical polity of the Wesleyan Methodists; this week I have something to say about certain English Bishops, &c. But I mean to travel to my subject by a circuitous road. Current politics I must neglect, for I am far away from the centre of political action, if there be any political action now. I suspect there is little or none, for I learned before I left town that almost all our statesmen and politicians had taken wing. I am at Grasmere, in Westmorland, within a mile and a half of Cumberland. The other day I climbed Danmail Raise, and stood on the boundary of the two counties, with one foot in Cumberland and one in Westmorland. Grasmere is the loveliest valley in the lake district. Indeed, there cannot be in the wide world a more beautiful vale. But I am on my way to the Bishops, &c., and will not stop to describe Grasmere. The lake district is, as you know, classic ground. Within a few yards of my house is Wordsworth's grave; the grave also of his wife, of whom the poet wrote—

She was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleamed upon my sight;

his sister Dorothy, his constant companion in all his walks—Dorothy of the "wild eyes;" his daughter Dora, who married Mr. Quillman, many of whose charming letters may be read in Crabb Robinson's "Diary;" and, lastly, of the said Mr. Quillman himself. These graves all lie side by side, and let me tell you that they are now protected by an iron fence. Some years ago, when I was here, they were unprotected and were in a sad condition; too eager worshippers having trampled them flat and obliterated all the turf. From my window, if it were not for an intervening tree, I could see the cottage to which Wordsworth brought his bride. It is very small, but then Wordsworth was very poor; when he got to be richer, he removed to a more capacious house, at Rydal Mount, about two miles from Grasmere. By-the-way, I may as well tell you that the house at Rydal Mount is to be let, furnished; but, though houses are in request, nobody will take it, for this curious reason:—It is an excellent house, beautifully placed in a small but lovely garden. The situation is healthy, the house is commodious. In short, it has but one fault: it is infested by tourists. When I was in these parts five years ago I lodged opposite Rydal Mount. The house was then occupied by a gentleman who kindly allowed tourists to view the grounds three days in the week; but this was not enough. On the close days they clambered over the gate; and, moreover, the proprietor could not always keep the house itself sacred. One day the gardener told me a party quietly walked, uninvited, into the dining-room whilst the family was at dinner; and at another time an American, in the garb of a gentleman, was found in the larder. But we know what tourists are. Whether the occupier was actually driven away by this plague I know not; but I believe that this is the reason why no one will hire the house. So much about Wordsworth. At Greta Hall, near Keswick, at the foot of Skiddaw and Blencathra—vulgarily called Saddleback—dwelt Southey, and with him for a time Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Southey and Coleridge married two sisters, you will remember. At Ellary, near Windermere, Professor Wilson built himself a nest. De Quincey, having been long an intimate friend of Wordsworth, at last settled down somewhere in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Hemans lived at Dove Nest, on the road between Windermere and Ambleside. At Foxrow, near Ambleside, dwelt Dr. Arnold, and there his widow still resides; and across the valley, to be seen from the windows of Foxrow, is the beautiful cottage in which Harriet Martineau—surely not the least brilliant star of this galaxy—still lives and works for the benefit of mankind. Said I not right, then, when I called this classic ground?

But about the Bishops. You seem to be a long time in coming to the Bishops." Well, I am now, in the easiest and most natural manner, coming to the right reverend fathers. At Calgarth, on Windermere Lake, not far from Bowness, lived for many years Dr. Watson, the well-known Bishop of Llandaff. He was the son of a poor Westmorland village schoolmaster. "He must, then, have been," you will say, "an able man thus to rise from a cottage to an episcopal palace." Yes, he was no doubt a very able man; but he was not a nice man to think about. He was worldly, greedy, dishonest. He wrote an elaborate work in defence of Christianity, and used at his table openly to talk as a Socinian, and ridicule the miracles of the New Testament, which he professed to explain as so many tricks or feats of legerdemain. He was a Lord in Parliament, but for many a year he was never in his place. He was a Bishop, but he lived 300 miles from his diocese, and scarcely knew any part of it. He was a Professor of Divinity at Cambridge; his professorship brought him in £1000 a year; and for thirty years he never delivered a lecture or performed a public exercise. In short, all his public and his professional duties he systematically neglected—took £5000 a year, and did nothing for it.

Thus acted Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff. He took £5000 a year and performed no duties. Nor does it seem ever to have struck him that this was a crime. He was not, one would gather from what we know of him, troubled with a queasy conscience. He seems to have looked upon his bishopric—or, rather, the emoluments thereof—simply as a reward for past political services; as one of the prizes of the Church which he had won; and he grumbled audibly that it was not more valuable. He thought that he ought to be Archbishop; and, indeed, Archbishop he would have been if during the Granville Administration the see of York had become vacant. All this looks very bad now. Such a thing, you will say, would not be tolerated in these times. Well, perhaps not; nothing quite so bad. No Minister would dare to make a man like Dr. Watson a Bishop; nor would a Bishop in possession of health of body and mind be permitted to live 300 miles from his diocese; nor to hold a golden professorship at Cambridge and never lecture.

But—and here we come, at last, to three living Bishops—prelates are still permitted to take large emoluments for years, albeit they are totally incapacitated to perform their duties: to wit, Sumner, Bishop of Winchester; Philpots, Bishop of Exeter; and Gilbert, Bishop of Chichester. All these gentlemen have taken their pay, and for a long time done nothing. But it may be said, they did not retire because they could not have a retiring pension. An Act has been passed to allow them pensions, and now they are about to retire. But surely this is no justification. When they became incapacitated for their duties they ought, pension or no pension, to have retired. It is presumable that the duties of a Bishop are of the highest possible importance. A Bishop would place them transcendently high, and would, if a proposal were to be made to abolish Bishops, foretell that the direst consequences would befall the Church if such a proposal were carried out; and yet, practically, the dioceses of Exeter, Winchester, and Chichester have been for a long time without Bishops, because the holders of the sees, though incapacitated, would not retire. What must we think of the conduct of these men, who, rather than sacrifice their income, would—nay, did—actually deprive the members of the Church in their dioceses of the transcendent blessings which they (the Bishops) profess to believe flow from their ministrations? I will tell you what the verdict of all unprejudiced laymen would be if they could be brought to consider the subject. Surely, they would say, the Bishops cannot really believe that they have any very great blessing to communicate to the Church. Either we must believe this, or that they are very greedy, selfish men; nay, worse—they are traitors to the Church, for do not they sell the Church for filthy lucre? And here please to note that they are not poor men, or ought not to be. Winchester has £10,417 a year. This handsome sum he has received for forty-two years—making a grand total of four hundred and twenty-seven thousand, five hundred, and fourteen pounds. £10,417 is the sum named in the books. If my recollection serves, it came out in the debate that his real income is very much larger. Exeter, for thirty-eight years, has received about £5000 a year; Chichester, for twenty-seven years, £4200. But, in addition to these handsome emoluments, these Bishops have large patronage, affording them ample means to provide for their households. To say, then, that these

men were obliged to hold to their offices long after they could not perform their duties because the law allowed them no pension, is insulting to our common-sense. Heroism, martyrdom is not to be expected in a modern Bishop, or these men would, if need were, have stepped from a palace to a cottage—from luxury to poverty—rather than hold to their offices when they could no longer perform their duties. But there was no call for heroism. Every man of them might have retired long ago to comfort, if not to affluence.

By-the-by, have you observed how exceedingly prevalent military murders, or attempts at murder, have become of late? Our soldiers seem to be possessed with a perfect mania for shooting each other. I suppose this phenomenon can be accounted for, because, no doubt, this "effect defective comes by cause;" but it is more difficult to understand how, in face of recent events, the administrators of our military departments should still continue to permit soldiers to have arms and ammunition in their possession when off duty. To men of ordinary common-sense, it would seem the most natural thing in the world that soldiers should be deprived of the custody of instruments with which they may, and do, work mischief, but for which they have not the remotest necessity. But our Horse Guards, or War Office, or whichever portion of our complicated military administration has the control of this matter, are never governed by common-sense. During the Session of 1868 Captain Hayter brought this subject before the House of Commons, and was met with the old pleas that to deprive soldiers of their arms would injure the efficiency and wound the feelings of the men, and that to exhibit want of confidence in non-commissioned officers and privates would be to cast a slur upon the whole Army. Why, these are the very arguments adduced against depriving soldiers of their side-arms when off duty; and though that step has long since been adopted, I have never heard that the efficiency of the Army was any way impaired thereby, while assuredly the persons of civilians have been much more safe. There is no more reason why soldiers should always have at hand the means of shooting each other than that they should be allowed to swagger about the streets with the implements of death in their side-belts. Indeed, those very side-belts themselves should be taken away when the soldier is not on duty; for not a few instances have occurred in which a bad use has been made of them. It is to be hoped that ere long a few rays of the light of common-sense will penetrate into the dark places of the War Office, and that men will be deprived of the means of destroying what is so costly to produce—an efficient soldier.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

In the *Contemporary Review* we have an unusually varied number. There is plenty of interest in the paper, "Two French Marquises;" but that "even an advanced Liberal may be tempted to feel that the great French Revolution . . . has produced the smallest amount possible of good compared with the sufferings which it entailed upon all classes for so many years," is what this present "advanced Liberal" now holding the pen will by no means admit. It is painfully plausible, however; and perhaps that is all that is meant by the able author of the paper when he uses the phrase "may be tempted." Professor Milligan, in his second essay on "The Early Christian Age," has strengthened his case; but he has not made it invulnerable. Nobody can believe that "the historical consciousness and critical spirit" of the first two Christian centuries were what it is, however, not difficult to make out a sort of case for. Sometimes Mr. Milligan escapes from the scientific spirit which is proper to criticism into a metaphor—as in the unmeaning though plausible phrase, "The Church was still conscious," &c. How is "the Church" to be defined for the purposes of this statement? Professor Roscoe of Owens College, Manchester, is, I can personally affirm, "a brick;" and Mr. Pritchard's paper on "Spectrum Analysis," headed by a reference to Professor Roscoe's new lectures, is very interesting—but I am a little bit of a sceptic in this matter. Then we have "Who was Perkin Warbeck?" and "The Bab and Babeism," with a paper on "The Grand Old Name of Gentleman." This is a very good essay, but a little stilted and Horace Bushnell-ish in style. The opening passages are in the worst possible taste. The remark about Dickens and his "rough jewels" is a strikingly true bit of criticism. Mr. Vernon, the author of this paper, notices afresh an old point—the delicate politeness of the Apostle Paul in his letters. Let me add something curious. Everybody who has read poetry has heard of Abraham Tucker, known as Edward Search, author of "The Light of Nature Preserved"—the most acute of the precursors of Bentham and James Mill. In the preface to the 1837 edition, by Tucker's grandson, Sir H. P. St. John Mildmay, Bart., M.P., it is said of Tucker's uncle, Sir Isaac Tillard, a city merchant, who was his guardian, that he did not understand letter-writing—"It appears, however, that although Mr. Tucker might be greatly obliged to Sir Isaac Tillard for the early seeds of those moral principles with which his conduct and writings were afterwards so eminently tinged, he did not probably receive much assistance from him in the usual accomplishments of modern education. I have frequently heard him say that, when called on as a boy to pay a periodical compliment to some distant relations, he was invariably referred by his guardian to St. Paul's Epistles as the most complete model of epistolary correspondence." This is really an amusing example of the tyranny of the classics in those days. Old Tillard may not have known the fact very intelligently; but that St. Paul's letters are models in some of the most important particulars is admitted on all hands nowadays. By-the-by, here is another curious point:—No less acute a writer than the Rev. J. Martineau has instanced 1 Pet. iv. 3, in which that other Apostle, by using the word "we" before the word "walked," seems to implicate himself in ethnic crimes and abuses, as a striking example of apostolic tenderness; there being no distinction drawn between the writer himself and those whom he is addressing, while it is certain that St. Peter never was guilty of these crimes. Happening to turn to the passage in the original, this minute, I find a various reading—the second person plural for the first. The curious reader will find, if he looks, that there is no personal pronoun at all before the word *hunc*; and, of course the change of a letter makes all the difference between *you* and *we*. It certainly seems a great stretch of epistolary politeness for a Jew to accuse himself of "abominable idolatries" and the rest of the catalogue. This is not a very important matter; but, as I am in the vein, I may add a word. When a boy I used to be told in books and elsewhere that the errors of the received translation of the Bible were very few in number and of the most unimportant character—indeed, you may still meet this statement. What was my amazement, my horror, when I first got hold of a Griesbach, and found the various readings both numerous and important! All honour to men like Dean Alford!—I say *men*, but how many of them are there?—who not only refuse to palter with the fact but put the knowledge of the fact as it really is into the power of all who can read English.

The *Fortnightly* is a capital number. Mr. Edward Dowden, one of the very best of living critics, contributes a wonderfully good paper upon Mr. Forster's *Life of Landor*; Mr. Walter Bagehot a hasty, but most entertaining, notice of Dr. Sadler's "Diary and Letters of the late Henry Crabb Robinson;" but I should doubt if Mr. Robinson's surviving friends and connections will enjoy reading it as much as Mr. Bagehot enjoyed writing it. In a word, though perfectly good-humoured, I fancy the article is not quite respectful. The sensation article of the number is by Dr. Bridges, the Comtist, upon the "Influence of Civilisation upon Health," which will surely raise a great dust of controversy. Mr. Alexander Bain, on "Teaching English," speaks with authority, and is amusing as well as suggestive; but is he not just a little too fast? Certainly, his "equivalent" for Addison's sentence is not an equivalent at all (p. 208). I had nearly forgotten to refer to a delicious bit in Mr. Bagehot's paper. Mr. Crabb Robinson used to forget people's names and then describe them by periphrasis; as thus:—"Pro-

bably the most able, and certainly the most consequential of all the young persons I know,—you know which it is,—the one with whom I could never presume to be intimate,—the one whose father I knew so many years." I shall mention no names: Mr. Bagehot mentions none; but this gentleman is referred to as a "living poet," and is mentioned next to Clough. As for Rugby—no, no, I will not have the name mentioned.

The two *Good Words* (what a sweet phrase!) are most excellent. In *Good Words* major, Mr. Robert Leighton has a poem well worth possessing—"The Widow and the Priest,"—a poem for which it would be worth while to buy the number. And Mr. Helps's "Short Essays" are far, very far, better than usual. Dean Alford too, in "Romanism and Protestantism," has a subject well fitted to his hand. The "Last Days of Rajah Brooke" is too brief. Let us have a sequel to it.

In *Good Words* minor, there is no "Boy in the Bush"—but there is plenty of most attractive matter. How good are the drawings of "W. J. W."! Not to praise the whole number, let me finish by saying that Tom Hood is at his best in the "Blue Princess."

Once a Week has for some time been declining a little in its letterpress, especially its "Table Talk." But this month the Kaffir boy's "essays" are delicious. The large pictures, always an attractive feature, are almost better than usual. I fear I forgot, in speaking of the last number, to praise the broad humour of "the Poet Boakes," but it was very good indeed.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The dead season is, theatrically speaking, at its deadeast. No one is in town to go to the theatre in August; and, if anyone were in town, a theatre is the last place he would choose in which to while away these choky evenings. The Princess's has been doing badly with "Acis and Galatea;" the Gaiety has not been more successful with "An Old Score;" the Adelphi is, deservedly, at ebb tide; and the Olympic is a hollow mockery. The Prince of Wales's and Drury Lane are both doing fairly; but all the other theatres have but a sorry time of it. Curiously enough, nearly all the theatres are open during the hot months of this year: usually two, or at most three, contrive to maintain vitality through the month of August.

The Gaiety has substituted Mr. Robertson's comedy "Dreams" for Mr. W. S. Gilbert's comedy "An Old Score" with certain changes in the cast that are not altogether improvements. Mr. Neville plays Mr. Wigan's part, and of course "looks" the character of the young impassioned musician much more effectively than Mr. Wigan did; at the same time he lacks the finish and repose of the more experienced actor. Mr. Neville, in the impulsive passages of the dialogue, is admirable; but an over-tendency to melodramatic effect mars certain portions of the subjective side of Rudolph's character. Miss Henrade, always careful, always painstaking, and certainly one of the safest actresses on the stage, has a difficult task in rendering a character which has become identified with Miss Robertson's name. Miss Robertson is essentially an actress of comedy, Miss Henrade is always stronger in the more dramatic portions of the part she is representing, so no analogy can fairly be drawn between their respective performances. Miss Henrade has little to do that is strictly dramatic, but all that she has to do she does perfectly. Miss Ranoe is not an improvement on Miss Rachel Sanger. She is obviously overweighted; it is hardly fair to Miss Ranoe to place her in such parts. She is a pleasant burlesque actress, but she must go far ahead of that qualification before she is fit to take the responsibility of a leading comedy part. Mr. W. S. Gilbert's burlesque of "Robert the Devil" has been substituted for "Columbus," with no change in the principal characters, excepting only Miss Ranoe for Miss Fowler in the part of Alice. The original music, which proved so attractive three months since, is retained, and the piece is placed upon the stage with all the completeness that attended its first production.

THE CROPS IN THE WEST MIDLAND COUNTIES.—In the agricultural districts of Worcestershire, Herefordshire, and Gloucestershire, the corn harvest is now pretty well gathered in. The hay harvest was one of the best that have been known for a great many years, and the weather was favourable, so that it was got in without material damage. The corn harvest is about three weeks later than last year's, which was exceptionally early. The wheat is nearly all got in in Worcestershire. There is some breadth still out on the cold clays of Herefordshire, and even also on the Cotswold Hills in Gloucestershire, but with the present fine weather harvest operations will be brought to a close before partridge-shooting commences (next Wednesday). The wheat is by no means such a crop as last year, either in quantity or quality; and whereas last year the wheat was remarkably "casty," this year it is just the opposite, the heads being light, having many small corns, and a good deal of smut prevailing. It was also thin in many places. Barley is a mixed crop. There is some good and some middling, but altogether it is better than the wheat crop. Beans generally good, and oats good. Potatoes show no sign of disease, and are generally prolific, though the late sorts are small. Roots promise well, but would be improved by rain. The showers which fell a fortnight ago saved them from destruction by drought. There will be generally a very good crop of mangolds. Swedes are fair, and late turnips are showing pretty strong. The hop crop in Worcestershire and Herefordshire will not be a total failure, though a great falling off from last year. The plants are now showing in hop nicely where there any to come at all, and the recent hot weather has certainly improved their appearance. Fruits are good. Apples and pears are an average crop, and in the celebrated Vale of Evesham plums are abundant. Nuts are remarkably thick.

WANTED, AN EASY PLACE.—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher some time since received a letter from a young man, who recommended himself very highly as being honest, and closed with the request:—"Get me an easy situation, that honesty may be rewarded." To which Mr. Beecher replied:—"Don't be an editor, if you would be 'easy.' Don't try the law. Avoid school-keeping. Keep out of the pulpit. Let alone all ships, stores, shops, and merchandise. Abhor politics. Keep away from lawyers. Don't practise medicine. Be not a farmer nor a mechanic; neither a soldier nor a sailor. Don't study. Don't think. Don't work. None of them are easy. Oh! my honest friend, you are in a very hard world. I know of but one real 'easy' place in it—that is the grave."—*American Paper*.

THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART.—The practical wisdom which eminently distinguished the late Sir Robert Peel led him, amongst other courses of action, to make a stand against the insatiable demands of the large class of military and naval officials who are perpetually seeking to promote their own prospects of pay and promotion by raising cries of "inefficient defence" and "danger of invasion." In rebuking, in his place in Parliament, the persevering and too successful efforts of these persons to maintain large war establishments in times of peace, under the plea of being prepared for invasion, Sir Robert remarked that "if the House listened to the opinions of military men, who were naturally prejudiced upon this subject, they would involve the country in an outlay that no revenue could bear." This prediction has, subsequently, been far too closely fulfilled, as every British taxpayer knows to his cost. On another occasion, the same illustrious statesman exclaimed in the House of Commons—"I do hope that one great and most beneficial effect of the advance of civilisation, the diffusion of knowledge and the extension of commerce, will be the reducing within their proper dimensions the fame, the merit, and the reward of military achievements; and that juster notions of the moral dignity of, and of the moral obligations due to, those who apply themselves to preserve peace and avoid the éclat of war will be the consequence."

ACTING IT TOO WELL.—A very amusing scene occurred lately in Pablo's Circus, at Rochdale, in the presence of an audience of about 2000 persons. The performance was concluded with the old and familiar farce entitled "The Frolic." Mr. Hickey, in the piece, represented the drunken countryman, who, in the farce, comes down from the gallery into the ring. On this occasion two police officers were present at the circus dressed in plain clothes. The piece had opened, and Mr. Sweeney, acting as Clown, was doing the usual preliminary "frolic" on horseback, when Hickey, in true Bacchanalian style, stumbled forward from the gallery and demanded a ride, saying the Clown had promised it for a quart of ale. A pretended squabble ensued between the supposed countryman, the ring master, and the manager, Mr. Henry Montague, when the two latter, according to the farce, finally called out for the police to eject the supposed countryman. To the surprise of the performers and some of the audience the two police officers rushed into the ring, declaring they could not permit a drunken man to interfere with the progress of the performance, collared the unfortunate actor, and dragged him out of the circus. Although Hickey loudly protested he was not drunk, but acting the character, they kept him until followed by Mr. Pablo, who, amid protracted roars of laughter from the assembled crowd, explained the plot of the piece to the police. They then gave up their charge.

THE LATE MARSHAL NIEL.

THE funeral of the late Marshal Niel, of whom we last week published a memoir, and whose portrait we now place before our readers, was celebrated with much pomp and solemnity. The event is thus described by an eye-witness, who wrote on the day of the funeral, the 17th inst.:-

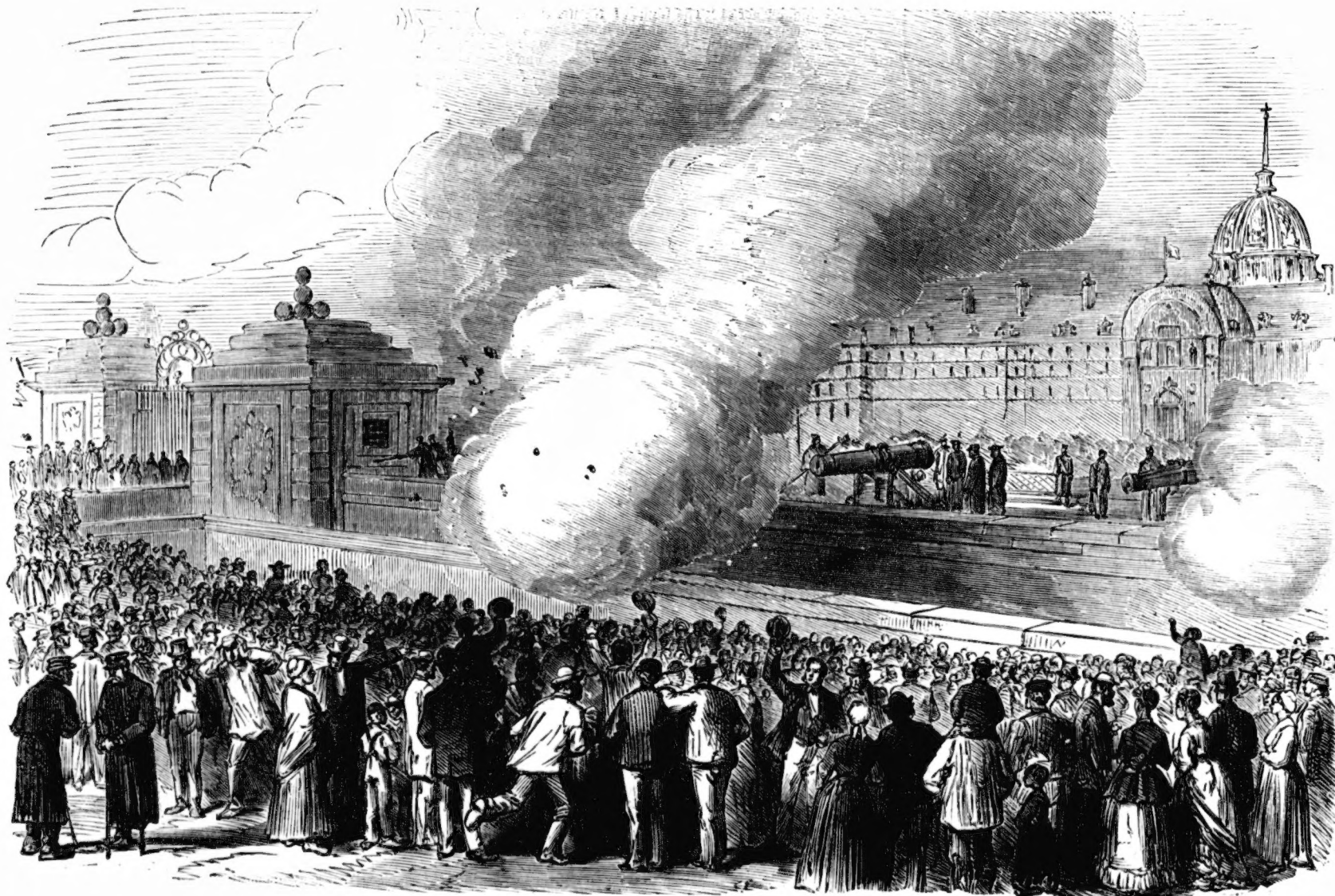
"In obedience to the direction on the black-bordered invitation-card, by twelve o'clock I was at the late Marshal's residence in the Rue St. Dominique, St. Germain's. The body had lain in state the whole of the preceding day, dressed in the full uniform of a Marshal, and had been visited by hundreds of his friends. His features, as I was informed, had completely lost the impress of the intense agony which preceded his last moments. When I arrived I found a crowd gathering outside, anxious to penetrate within the court. None but those who had received tickets were admitted. Crossing the court, gay with flower-pots and shrubs, I reached the hotel itself, the front of which was hung with black draperies. The coffin, on a raised estrade, was even then covered by wreaths of fresh flowers, amidst which lay the hat, sword, and bâton; whilst on a cushion, veiled with crape, were the stars so honourably won and so thoroughly deserved by the dead soldier. Watching over it were two sentinels and a group of *seurs de charité*, whose white cornettes and grey robes formed a strange contrast to the martial insignia with which this temporary *chapelle ardente* was decorated.

"To secure a good view of the ceremony, which was not to commence till one, I started at once for the chapel of the Invalides. The whole of the interior was hung with black draperies, deeply bordered with silver, the columns of the nave being completely concealed, and the intervals between each filled by silver-fringed curtains, so looped back as to show a double aisle equally draped, and behind which the side chapels disappeared from view. Above each pillar was a gilt caisson, bearing the letter 'N,' and supporting a trophy of tricolour flags. The galleries were also draped by silver-bordered curtains. Above these, encircled by laurel wreaths, in white letters on a black ground, were the names of the engagements in which the Marshal had won the honours which his country had so unsparingly lavished on him during his brilliant career, and the sense of which she so nobly acknowledged by the splendid ceremonial of the day. On the shield to the left of the high altar "Constantine" was inscribed, it being the first siege at which Niel's scientific engineering attracted the distinguished notice of his superior officers. On the right was "Solferino," the last battle the victory of which was due to the Marshal's military skill and determined resolution. "Magenta," "Sebastopol," "Bomarsund," "Rome," &c., placed at intervals above the lateral galleries, reminded the spectators of the chief battles in which Niel fought and won. Above these floated the tattered rags of all the standards taken by France



THE LATE MARSHAL NIEL, FRENCH MINISTER FOR WAR.

during the victories her armies have carried off since Louis XIII. conquered the Rhine to the present hour. A baldaquin, bordered with ermine, suspended from the centre of the vaulted roof, overhung the catafalque, raised, as usual, some twenty feet, and covered by a cloth of silver and black velvet. At its four corners statues, in white marble, of Religion, Resignation, &c., were thrown into relief by the wide folds of the tricolour flags which hung from the estrade. It is needless to remark on the blaze of light which flooded the whole interior of the church, proceeding from countless tapers, the glare of which yellow light was, however, subdued by the greenish hue cast on the scene from gigantic silver sconces, in which flames of a peculiar green cast an unearthly shade on the sombre draperies around. Meanwhile, a line of brilliant colour was formed by the arrival of the Diplomatic Corps, among which I remarked Djemil Pacha, the Chevalier Nigra, Baron Cerutti, &c. These and their respective suites took up their seats to the right of the altar, slightly raised above those reserved for the Senate, the deputies, the Cour de Cassation, the Cour de Comptes, the Garde Impériale, Garde Mobile, the Conseil d'Etat, the Instruction Publique, the Invalides, the Préfecture de la Seine, that of the Police, Cour d'Appel, &c., which filled the body of the church. The arrival of the Archbishop of Paris, who was received by the clergy, was the first event to disturb the silence which prevailed amidst the gathering spectators. Monseigneur, in his violet and lace-covered episcopal costume, only quitted the high altar when the booming of the guns of the Invalides announced the departure of the procession from the Hôtel du Ministère. Surrounded by the subordinate clergy and a host of white-robed *enfants de chœur*, Monseigneur received the body at the entrance of the chapel. It was immediately followed by the four dignitaries who had held the cordons of the bier—viz., M. Rouher and Admiral Rigault de Genouilly on the right and Marshal Vaillant and M. Schneider on the left. Five or six military officers followed these high personages, who were separated by masters of the ceremonies from those who, to use a French term, *ont conduit le deuil*—viz., the young son of the late Minister of War, M. Niel, and his brother-in-law, Captain Dukesme. The former, scarcely twenty, only quitted St. Cyr last year, and is consequently a Sub-Lieutenant. He appeared literally overwhelmed by unfeigned and deeply-felt grief. The simplicity of his uniform, perhaps, increased his youthful looks, which won the sympathy of the crowd. Captain Dukesme led him to his seat in front of the catafalque, followed by the immediate friends of the family. To convey an idea of the brilliant crowd of uniforms, mingled with the quaint costumes of the Cours de Cassation and of Comptes, whose scarlet cloth and ermine-furred robes were surmounted by hats of black velvet, to which



THE NAPOLEON FÊTES; THE SALUTE AT THE INVALIDES, PARIS.

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.



WILLAN (ROW), OXFORD.



YARBOROUGH, OXFORD.



LYMAN (ROW), HARVARD.



FAY, HARVARD.

a knot of crape gave a still more singular appearance—these again contrasted with the black satin gowns of their humbler brethren at the bar (whose lace chitterlings excited the envy of the nervous lady on my right), the dark dresses of the old Invalides, and here and there the plain blue coats of the French officers of the navy—would be simply monotonous. Suffice it to say that seldom has a more brilliant crowd been massed in so small a space. The music, partly executed by the chapel musicians and partly by military bands, far surpassed in beauty that which was performed at any of the state funerals which as yet it has been my duty to record. The 'Absoute' given by M. Darboy, I quitted my seat, to secure a good view of the defile which was to take place on the Champ de Mars, and a grander and more exciting ceremony I have never witnessed. The coffin, placed on a bier, drawn by eight silver and black velvet caparisoned horses, and accompanied on foot by MM. Rouher,



HALL (COX.), OXFORD.

Vaillant, Rigault de Genouilly, Schneider, and by the Duc de Cambacères—who, I omitted to mention, represented the Emperor—the Ministers, Corps Diplomatique, &c., traversed *au pas* the courts of the Invalides and the bridge, and drew up outside the gate. Twenty-five thousand men of the infantry, cavalry, and artillery were massed in a hollow square on the Place. Immediately behind the coffin stood young Niel, Captain Dukesme, M. Rouher, Marshal Vaillant, M. Schneider, the Duke de Cambacères, the Corps Diplomatique, &c. The first to salute the dead Minister of War was Marshal Canrobert, who rode by, lowering his raised sword as he passed the coffin, followed by his whole *état major*, and then took up his station in the centre of the Champ de Mars. One by one, marching in quick time, their respective bands playing gay and enlivening airs, each regiment defiled, the colonels and officers saluting with their drawn swords the coffin as they rode off, and the men carrying their chapeaux reversed and trailed to the ground. As each band passed it fell out of the ranks and took up its station to the right, and continued playing as long as the regiment to which it belonged marched by. The generals at the head of each division, after saluting, rode across the square, making their chargers back as well as they could, and took up their place a few paces behind Marshal Canrobert. This was a magnificent and most spirit-stirring scene, touching in the extreme, and most imposing. The dead soldier lying at the gate of the Invalides, his boy, and his son-in-law, both apparently absorbed in grief, standing by his coffin; his late colleagues, the diplomatic representatives of many nations, the great officers of State, the marshals of France, and the old Invalides filling up the background, whilst 25,000 men of the army he loved so well, and in whose ranks he had risen from a simple Lieutenant of Engineers to the highest rank a subject can attain, passed before him, with lowered swords and trailing rifles, doing honour to his memory, as well as to the country and sovereign which know so well that to reward is



BURNHAM (COX.), HARVARD.

to encourage, and that homage paid to services rendered is the most powerful incentive that can actuate the living to emulate the deeds of the immortal dead."

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

By the time this sheet reaches the hands of most of our readers the greatest aquatic event of the year—the Oxford and Cambridge race not excepted—will have been decided, though we shall not be able to record the result. So it is needless to speculate as to the chances of victory for the respective crews. All we need say, in placing the Portraits of the champions on both sides before the reader, is that we heartily wish strength, health, vigour, and skill to each crew, and that the best rowers may win the honours of the contest; disgrace, we are sure, neither crew will incur.



TINN, OXFORD.



DARBISHIRE (STROKE), OXFORD.



SIMMONS, HARVARD.



LORING (STROKE), HARVARD.

THE CLUBS IN AUGUST.

THE best public dining-rooms at the West-End are during the present month always favoured with the presence of visitors who are not frequently seen in them at other times. Go into Simpson's in the Strand, or the Blue Posts in Cork-street, or the St. James's Hall, or Blanchard's, any evening between six and eight, and you will easily tell off the visitors we mean, be the place ever so crowded. They are for the most part querulous and discontented; their faces gloomy; their eyes mournful; their talk and attitudes expressive of disappointment at the hollowness of the world. They seem sleek and well-fed gentlemen, too; conscious perhaps of the possession of a liver, and with an evidently critical knowledge of sauces and entrées; but they rarely seem jovial, and their presence too often suggests commingled superciliousness and blight. Never satisfied with any spoken account of what there is for dinner, they demand and linger over the bill of fare, dwelling upon each item, and sometimes commenting on its price. Criticism is their strong point, and the various dishes they have are analysed carefully and their merits or demerits compared or contrasted with some invisible standard of excellence. They look curiously at what their neighbours eat, shrink a little from the strangers who pass them too closely or seat themselves too near, are extremely exigent with the waiters, and become bitterly sardonic if any of those overworked functionaries presume to serve anybody before themselves. They are frozen-out gardeners, corpulent peers expelled their paradise, fish out of water, bores temporarily forsaking or temporarily excluded from their club. The graces of manner you remark upon now are displayed all the year round at the Pallas, or the Pigtail; and these August patrons of the London dinner-rooms, having been spoiled by long years of self-indulgence and needless luxury, are now savage that the club committee should have secured a brief respite from their complaints. The good things they consume seem to do them little good, the excellent meat and the unexceptionable liquor they are served with produce no smile, and they revert with a sigh to the club discipline and dishes, both of which they consistently abuse whenever they have a chance.

These amiable beings dine at taverns and restaurants in August for one of two reasons—either their clubs are being cleaned or altered and the use of another club has not been secured for them, or they shrink from the solitude and ghostliness which their accustomed meeting-place presents, and, finding no one to carp at or grumble to, make for a public room where they can do both. The club which is partially closed, in which workmen have gained a footing, and where the eating-rooms show no signs of life, represents the out-of-the-season dreariness best. The servants are dramatic artists and make it a point of honour to improve the occasion. They appear from behind corners and in costumes which tell you plainly you were not expected and might have stayed away, without causing anxiety, had you liked. The entrance-steps are no longer the lounging-place of button-holders; no one has called upon you or written to you, when you inquire inside. There are strange faces gossiping with the club officers, and you think you can trace a likeness between the chief butler and the old gentleman who puts down his basket to bow to you as you pass, while the stout lady who is looking on amicably in her bonnet you have seen walking with the oldest waiter, and believe to be his wife. A general impression that you are intruding haunts you. Weakly asking whether Mr. Damon has been here lately, you are promptly told that he has been abroad these three weeks; still more feebly wanting to know whether many members are in town, you are informed, with emphasis, that very few have been here. There are, perhaps, some rooms left open during certain hours, and to one of these you take yourself—to find it devoted to something utterly different to its ordinary use. You have to read in the coffee-room, or eat bread and cheese and chops before a certain hour in the library, or smoke where indulgence in a cigar would call for your expulsion in ordinary times.

The condition of the pictures reminds you of the portrait of Marino Faliero in the gallery at Venice. After looking on the long line of Doges, and reading their names and the dates at which they flourished beneath their presentments, you come upon a frame inclosing nothing but a black veil, and a simple record that the portrait behind it is hidden because of its owner's treason and execution. Byron records the shock this gave him when he saw it first, a shock which was renewed whenever he visited the Palace of St. Mark. But the man who visits a club while it is under repair has these kind of shocks at every turn. He looks in vain for the pictures which are usually his soul's delight. They are all swathed. Dark and impenetrable veils cover them; and you read the words, "General Fitzalker," or "Sir John Hard-mouth, Master of Hounds," and then look upon a veil like that of the false Doge, just as if the honest gentleman had been caught hatching treason and been beheaded by the lions in Trafalgar-square.

Remarking fresh faces of both sexes, as of servants' visitors, to present themselves in odd corners and from behind pillars when expected least; remarking, too, that waiters come in and peep at you, retiring suddenly as if abashed, and that waiters of a younger kind indulge in smothered merriment, you ring rashly a bell, and make a request which places you at their mercy. "Very sorry, Sir, but the committee decided, Sir," not to allow the very thing you asked for; "not until the club is opened again, for it's hardly (with a meaning look) what you'd call open now, Sir," and so forth. On exploring you find the whole house given up to cleaning and to change. Your favourite corners have become round or square. The geography of the largest rooms is altered. A dangerous mountain range of chairs and tables, with a summit of mortar and a pyramid of bricks are the most prominent objects in the second. A bricklayer's labourer, carrying a hod, brushes by you as you go up stairs, and you knock your knees against an isthmus of scaffolding and your head against a promontory of pole, in trying to find your way in the dark up a corridor which should have been lighted, to a door which ought not to have been closed. But the distribution and suppression of light is part of the system of making you feel that it is August, and that you have no business in town. Semi-darkness exaggerates the strange shapes of the implements and material left behind by charwomen, washers, restorers, and builders, so candles are substituted for gas in passages where a strong light is needed most. If, however, you fight your way through these discouragements, animate and inanimate, and reach one of the chambers open to you, the chances are that you light upon companions who are morally and mentally crushed. Everyone of them gives a reason for not being away, and there is an attempt at jocularity about "last men," and a jaunty assumption of staying in town from choice, which are very depressing. Such is the club partly closed for repairs, and the regular diners at which are to be seen venting their spleen out of doors.

But the establishments at which little or no change is professedly made on account of the season; where the formal routine of each day's life is observed, where the newspapers are folded and arranged as regularly as if they were expected to be read, and where the bill of fare has lost scarcely any of its variety—even these are trials of temper and sentiment to those within them. There is no making up a rubber; no one to argue and wrangle with on the last public speech, or the probabilities of the next great trial; no anecdote to hear good stories from, no sympathetic creature to whisper old stories to. Now and then a little party is made up for a scratch dinner, which is pleasant enough, and at which men delude themselves into saying how pleasing it is to be in London now when you can get about without being jostled to death, when the club waiters can give you the whole of their attention, and when your favourite journal is always disengaged; but the hollowness of the pretence is palpable, and the speaker knows that he is acting.

The truth is that the very comforts and capabilities of a good

club make the absence of its regular frequenters additionally melancholy. Those left see the accustomed chair empty, and that there is absolutely nothing to recall the master spirit who is so much at home in it. Then, again, the corners at which caucuses are often held, the table from which the peals of laughter are the loudest, the settee in the smoking-room, the side of the library most protected from the draught, the seats at which politics are laboriously and energetically discussed, bear not the slightest trace of their ordinary uses. At offices and houses at which men spend an important moiety of their lives there is always some memento, some sign of usance, to which those who know them best can point. Books are half cut, a portrait hangs upon the wall, a cigar-case lies upon the mantel-shelf. Those entries are in the handwriting of the man away—that statement was drawn by him—there hangs the lounging-coat he wears. You cannot be in an ordinary chamber five minutes without seeing countless tokens of the presence of those habitually there—indications of taste, of character, and of pursuits. But a man may spend four hours a day for fifty years at his club; he may devote his energies to its management and work wonders for the comfort of members, or he may be the ablest exponent of the views of the majority, or the most popular raconteur, or the one whose society and influence are coveted most—he may do and be all this, but the moment his back is turned every material trace of him is gone. He is snuffed out. The chairs are as soft and the tables as brightly polished, whether he is in his place or not, and everything must be in order, and all extraneous articles removed, by nine a.m. every morning, or the committee will know the reason why. This it is which makes clubs depressing when empty. The busy, pleasant, bustling life of which they were so full but yesterday has departed, and in its stead there is nothing but furniture and space. Intelligence, humour, knowledge have gone, without leaving a wreck behind. The portraits of heroes at the Naval and Military Clubs, the books of the Athenæum, the red morocco leather of the Travellers, the stately pillars of the Reform, the well-selected furniture of the Carlton, all seem so many evidences of indifference, and say plainly that, whatever becomes of individual members, whether absent or whether dead, certain advantages will continue to be offered for a certain subscription, subject to the ballot and club rules.—*Daily News*.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

THE following interesting letter has been forwarded for publication:—

Sir,—Will you spare me a little space in your columns to do a service to Dr. Livingstone, by calling attention to Lucenda, or Lunda City, the capital of the African chief known as the Muata (king) Cazembe?

He is not the least important of the eight negro monarchs—viz., the Muata Ya Noo, vulgarly "Matiamoo," in the south; in the eastern tropic, the despots of Karagwa, of Uganda, and of Unyoro; and in the western regions, the sanguinary tyrants of Benin, of Dahomey, and of Asante or Ashantee. And the name of this somewhat obscure potentate has, during the last few weeks, come prominently before the Royal Geographical Society of London.

Not long ago Sir Roderick Murchison suggested, in the *Times*, that Dr. Livingstone, having found a discrepancy between the levels of the "Albert Nyanza" and the Tanganyika lakes, probably turned westward and attempted to trace the drainage of the latter into the Atlantic Ocean. My husband, Captain Burton, objected to this view of his revered chief, after whose image—to use the words of the late Lord Strangford—our modern geographers are, so to speak, created. The hydrography of the West African coast is now well known, and it shows no embouchure capable of carrying off so vast an expanse of water as the Tanganyika. The Congo mouth may suggest itself to some, more especially as the north-eastern branch has long been reported to issue from a lake. But the north-eastern is the smaller arm of the two. Moreover, Captain Burton, during his visit to the Yellalah, or Rapids, in 1863, ascertained, by questioning the many slaves driven down from the far interior to the Angolan coast, that the Congo lake is distinct from the Tanganyika, and is probably that which figures on old maps as Lake Aquilonda or Achelunda. It will not be forgotten that our good friend Paul du Chailu made sundry stout-hearted attempts to reach that mysterious basin, concerning which he is also of opinion that it is wholly independent of the Nile valley.

The latest intelligence touching Dr. Livingstone suggests the possibility of his having been detained in the capital of the Cazembe, and at once explains the non-appearance of the traveller, and the want of communications, so heartrending to his host of friends. Why are we whispering this to one another as a secret? The report, if we believe in its truth, should be published throughout the length and breadth of England, whose great heart will readily supply men and means to rescue one of her favourite sons from a precarious and perhaps perilous position.

Unhappily for himself, Dr. Livingstone, unlike Captain Burton, has never made a friend of the Moslem. He has openly preferred to him the untutored African—in other words, the vile and murderous fetisher; and his published opinions must be known even at Zanzibar to the religion of the State. The Maskat Arabs are, as my husband reported long ago, all-powerful at the city of Cazembe; and, if Dr. Livingstone be detained there, it is doubtless at their instigation.

I should not have ventured to trouble you with this letter, but Captain Burton is en route for Damascus, and I have written to him to supply the public with a complete account of the scene of Dr. Livingstone's supposed captivity, which may tend to suggest the properest measures for securing the safety of a Christian hero who has offered up the flower of his days to the grand task of egenerating the Dark Continent.

I have the honour to be, Sir, yours obediently,
London, Aug. 14. ISABEL BURTON.

A TRADES UNION CONGRESS was opened at Birmingham on Monday when Mr. Wilkinson, of that town, was chosen president. One of the chief topics of discussion is the propriety of establishing courts of arbitration.

THE KING OF DENMARK has conferred the honour of Commander of the Most Ancient Order of the Dannebrog, first class, upon Mr. Robert Napier, of West Shandon, chief of the firm of Robert Napier and Sons, shipbuilders and engineers, Glasgow.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT WILDBAD.—The Princess of Wales and her family circle continue to enjoy the quietude and repose which they have sought and found at Wildbad. Living there without either ostentation or seclusion, her Royal Highness and her children move about freely among the visitors, and are able to do so exempt from vulgar curiosity and crowding. One annoyance only the Princess has encountered during her stay, and that was the intrusion upon her presence whilst walking in the Kur-platz of a begging-letter writer. His nationality was Danish, and he was dismissed with a sovereign; but, as an subsequent day he endeavoured to repeat the experiment, he was taken possession of by the police, who speedily marched him off, with his face turned towards Denmark and his back on Wildbad.

THE NEW CANON OF CHESTER.—The Rev. Charles Kingsley, who has been nominated by Mr. Gladstone on the part of the Crown to the Canonry of Chester Cathedral, rendered vacant by the elevation of the Rev. Dr. Moberly to the Bishopric of Salisbury, is a son of the late Rev. Charles Kingsley, LL.B., who was for many years Rector of Chelsea, and was born at Holm Vicarage, on the borders of Dartmoor, on June 12, 1819. His early education was conducted by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, now Rector of Hanwell, after which he went to King's College, London, and entered in due course at Magdalen College, Cambridge. He took his B.A. degree in 1842, when he was ninth in the first class in classics. He was thirty-ninth senior optime in the mathematical tripos. Having abandoned the study of the law, to which he first devoted himself, Mr. Kingsley was ordained, in 1842, by Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester, to the Curacy of Eversley, and shortly afterwards, the living becoming vacant, he was presented to it by Sir John Cope, the patron, and has held it up to the present time. In 1859 he was nominated by Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister, to the Regius Professorship of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. He is the author of "Alton Locke," "Yeast," "Westward Ho!" "Phaeton," "Alexandria and Her Schools," "Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore," "Two Years Ago," "The Saint's Tragedy," and many dramatic and lyric works. He belongs to "the Broad Church party."

GARIBALDI AS A FARMER.

We have heard but little of late about Garibaldi's doings. Some of his most melancholy anniversaries recur in this and the forthcoming autumn months, and his best friends must rejoice at the almost perfect certainty that nothing this year will tempt him out of his island home—that home which he would never have quitted for his disastrous exploits of Aspromonte and Mentana, had not the seductions of some of his friends got the better of his sound, but not sufficiently self-relying judgment. At Caprera, and away from the turmoil of politics, Garibaldi is himself again, and shows himself possessed of the practical brains as well as the kind heart for which the world gives him credit. There can be nothing more charming than the account some of the General's recent visitors give of the manner in which his love and labour have in little more than ten or twelve years contrived to turn a bare rock near the coast of Sardinia, not only into a smiling garden, but also into a richly-productive estate.

It was natural to expect that a man of Garibaldi's simple tastes and abstemious habits would have chosen his island hermitage for the mere sake of its barren and desolate look, and that the tilling of a few acres for wheat, and the growth of the commonest vegetables, should have met all his requirements. But the cultivation of the mere necessities of life would not have filled up the cravings of an extraordinarily active mind. Unlike most of his countrymen, Garibaldi did not gratify his ambition by setting masons to work. He charged Nature with the embellishment of his home; and so marvellous is that Mediterranean climate that in this short time luxuriant groves of laurel and myrtle have sprung up to overshadow his lowly roof. All round, in the hollows, wherever shelter could be found or made, the orange and lemon are growing in thickets, while on more exposed sites there spreads a wide plantation of olive and almond, overtopped by the cypress, the pine, and even the date palm, though the latter bears no fruit. Garibaldi himself drinks no wine; but he is, nevertheless, a wine-grower on a large scale. His hillsides are covered with low, closely-pruned vine-stocks, and importations from the most celebrated Piedmontese and Tuscan vineyards; the young vines, planted in straight rows at a metre's distance from one another, are never suffered to rise above 2 ft. or 3 ft. from the ground, and never bear more than two or three bunches of grapes. By this thrift the hospitable General is enabled to place choice wine before the guests who crowd upon him, while the Marsala and Malaga grapes growing at will on his lofty harbours supply the dessert with such luscious fruit as the south alone knows of. The General's orchards do not yield many apples, pears, or peaches, but the prickly pear and the carob-tree are so prolific that their produce is thrown with a full hand to fatten swine. Garibaldi's dairy is supplied with milk and butter by six cows of the tall Cremona breed; but numerous herds of cattle roam at large in the island, needing no shelter at any time in the year, and providing the establishment with mountain-fed butcher's meat, in return for the lucern and clover which the General coaxes out of artificial meadows where the grass is cut five times in the year. The same constant prosperity does not attend all the General's undertakings. All his efforts to root out a poisonous weed with which the island once teemed have not been altogether successful, and the propagation of his flocks and herds is thereby sensibly checked. In the same manner the attempt to acclimatise the silkworm has turned out a failure, the soil being unpropitious to the growth of the mulberry. Garibaldi, however, points with exultation to the flourishing condition of his potato-fields. No species of the favourite root is neglected, and there is no treat he so heartily enjoys as a dish of his own potatoes, baked under embers with his own hand, in the open air—a treat which calls up reminiscences of his camp life on the Tonale or the Stelvio, or of his pioneer's experience in the backwoods of the Mississippi or the Plate. Garibaldi indulges in the luxury of a flower-garden; but the bees which he has lately introduced, and of which he has already nine hives, "the object of his assiduous and almost paternal care," are not dependent on his beds for their honey, but cull it out of the fragrant shrubs with which both Caprera and the adjoining Maddalena are covered. To get hives to do well on so gusty a spot as that bleak rock of Caprera has been accounted little less than a prodigy. On the coasts of his own island, all round Maddalena, and along the shore of Sardinia, Garibaldi's nets have the pick of the Mediterranean fishery; while quails, partridges, and wild goats afford him plentiful home sport, without reckoning the pheasant and the wild boar, with which he has stocked some of the most unreclaimed heaths of his domain.

We must admit that Garibaldi has not been single-handed in these achievements. His right and left hands have been one Barberini, from Parma, for many years the General's companion at Caprera; and a German, named Weber, whose aid and example supplied theory and practice to a man who could bring to his work little more than an amateur's earnestness and goodwill. It should also be borne in mind that the General's friends are legion, and that there is nothing in the shape of garden implements and agricultural machines—nothing under the denomination of seed, plant, or graft, of dead or live stock—nothing that could minister to his wants or gratify his fancy—that has not been freely tendered, suggested, pressed, and even forced upon him. Still, it is not every man who could turn even such advantages to so good a purpose. Garibaldi, however, loves work for work's own sake; and he brings to his work that energy of will and that magnetic ascendancy over other people's will which fit a man for the task of a ruler of men, and enable him to wield all subordinate forces as a mere instrument, whether the work in hand be the conduct of a campaign, the government of a State, or the mere management of a large farming establishment. It is, in the mean while, not a little interesting to see a man who has played so striking and yet so unequal a part in contemporary events, who has had his sublime, and again his next-door-to-sublime, moments—to see such a man, we say, give so solid an evidence of strong sterling sense in a matter in which he takes counsel from himself alone.

It would be well for Garibaldi's countrymen if they would spare a little of their admiration for their hero in action to bestow it on their hero in repose. The world has heard enough of Garibaldi as a Camillus or Marcellus. It would be well if Italy could appreciate his worth as a Cincinnatus. It little matters whether or not the Italians have learnt from Garibaldi how to fight, for others have in a great measure done that work for them, and they can now afford to think their fighting days are over. But it would be well if they would learn from Garibaldi how to work; if they would strive to make as much of their rich plains and verdant hills as he has done of a naked rock which before his time was hardly deemed fit for human habitation. A body of well-meaning gentlemen have been lately "inaugurating an Agricultural and Sylvicultural Institute at Vallombrosa." It is to be hoped that a school of husbandry under those classical and monastic shades may have better results than to afford sinecures to a new batch of Professors in a country where the teachers so very nearly outnumber the pupils; but agriculture in Italy, unless we are greatly mistaken, is less in want of public help than of private exertion. It is not of model farms that Italy is in need, but of model farmers—of gentlemen and men of substance to speed the plough, to take the work from the hands of the mere labourer and bring intelligence and energy, as well as capital, to multiply the forces of mere toil.

MRS. DAVID M'IVER, wife of one of the principal proprietors of the Cunard Company at Liverpool, was drowned, on Tuesday, while bathing in Menai Strait.

M. HENRI ROCHEFORT announces his willingness to return to France should the electors desire it. Unfortunately, among the condemnations which M. Rochefort has incurred is one for assaulting a printer; and it is a question whether this comes under the category of "press offences" covered by the amnesty. It is suggested that the feelings of the aggrieved individual might be wounded were a special pardon granted to the aggressor; but we may safely conclude that ere long M. Rochefort will take his accustomed place in Paris society.

ALBERT LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

REPORT OF THE POLICY-HOLDERS' COMMITTEE.

THE committee of policy-holders, annuitants, and shareholders of this company, sitting at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon-street, have drawn up a report on the present state of the affairs of the company. They state that, although copies of some necessary documents could not be procured by them from either Mr. Arthur Kirby, the manager and provisional liquidator, or the secretary of the company, still much important information had been obtained, which, unfortunately, discloses the extent of suffering the failure of this company will entail on thousands, not in this country alone, but in India and elsewhere. The copies of documents which the committee have succeeded in getting from authentic sources show that the original deed of settlement conferred no power on the directors to amalgamate with other assurance companies or purchase their business, so that, unless such power was subsequently conferred (of which they have found no public record), the directors would seem to be liable to the charge of having misapplied the funds of the company. In addition to a salary of £400 a year, with a free house and liberty to practise his profession, the manager, Mr. Kirby, became entitled to receive a commission of 5 per cent on the gross premium income, besides his professional fees on the business done by him for the company. It is estimated, from his affidavit, that the ultimate liabilities of the company will be eight millions sterling, and that the annuities in force amount to £17,000 per annum. The number of policy-holders and annuitants is 20,000, who have heretofore paid to the company two and a half or three millions sterling, and the annual premium income is about £308,000 a year. The subscribed capital is £500,000; the paid-up, £176,000; the number of shareholders, about 900, from whom £150,000 to £200,000 may eventually be realised. The petition of policy-holders presented to the House of Commons states that the company had amalgamated with more than twenty assurance companies and had undertaken liabilities without receiving sufficient assets to cover risks; that large sums had been paid for annuities secured to the directors and officials of those companies as the consideration for such amalgamations; the sum paid for the transfer of the business of one such company amounting to £21,000, besides an annuity of £600 to one of the officials. The petition further stated that the directors had persistently refused to give the petitioners any information respecting the assets and liabilities of the company or the amount of its invested funds; and, finally, that the company has not been registered in any public office, and no trace of its existence can be anywhere discovered, except by the registration of the original deed, in the year 1839, since which time the company has more than once changed its name without making any record. According to a report in the *Times of India*, at a meeting of policy-holders in the company, held in Calcutta on May 13 last, Mr. E. Vansittart Neal, a London director, said, "the Albert Life Office had always honourably met their engagements, and always intended to do so; and if anything should happen to the policy-holders, he could assure them that their policies would be fully paid." The committee state that, if they are adequately supported, they will take the necessary steps to have the interests of all parties represented before the Vice-Chancellor on the 10th proximo, so that proper liquidators may be appointed, and, more particularly, that Mr. Kirby may be removed. Mr. James Canday (Messrs. Barber, Son, and Co.) is the chairman of the committee, and Mr. John Pike the hon. secretary.

THE TERMS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

The terms of the proposal for the reorganisation of the Albert Company have been published. It is proposed to make an average reduction of the assurance liabilities of the company of 25 per cent, the value of each policy being determined by the actuaries' certificate. It is computed that the reductions will range from 5 to 40 per cent, according to the date of the policy. In the case of annuitants, ordinary creditors, and policies immediately maturing, a reduction of 50 per cent is proposed. In forming a new company, to take up the liabilities of the Albert, it is assumed that 80 per cent of the profits of the new company shall go to the policy-holders, and the remainder to the shareholders of the present company.

A FEARFUL COLLIERY EXPLOSION, causing the loss of fourteen lives, took place, on Wednesday, at the Grison colliery, near Felling, in France.

A MONSTER MEETING was held at Drogheda on Sunday, in favour of an amnesty for all the Fenian prisoners now undergoing sentence. One of the speakers did much to damage his case by mixing up the names of Allen, Larkin, and Gould with those of the men whose cause he was advocating; but the proceedings were, as a whole, characterised by more moderation than is usual at such gatherings.

ELECTRIC BEACONS.—On Monday Mr. Thomas Stevenson, C.E., Edinburgh, conducted an experiment, at Granton, with the view of showing the practicability of illuminating beacons and buoys at sea with the electric light, produced by means of a battery on shore. A submarine cable, fully half a mile in length, was laid between the east breakwater of Granton harbour and the chain pier at Trinity. The operator occupied a station near the centre of the breakwater; and the light was shown at the point of the pier, in front of an ordinary lighthouse reflector, producing a most brilliant flash. The flashes were emitted with great rapidity. As many as 500 can be transmitted in a minute, but the machine can be regulated so as to send one every second or at any other desired interval. The experiment, which gave entire satisfaction, was conducted in the presence of Mr. Shaw Lefevre and Mr. Farrer, Secretaries to the Board of Trade; Captains Fenwick and Nisbet, Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, London; Bailie Miller, Edinburgh; Lord Provost Sir James Lumsden, Glasgow; Provost Watt, Leith; and others.

WHAT BAD LIQUOR DOES.—Many years ago when the State of Georgia was in its infancy one of the circuit Judges was Bela Brown, an ancestor of the recent "secess" governor of that name. He was a man of ability and integrity, but, like a good many distinguished persons of that day, he loved a social glass; and whenever the members of the bar would turn in and help, he sometimes drank to excess, and became gloriously fuddled. On one occasion, while travelling on circuit, he reached the village of Dayton, in Dooly county, where the court was to be opened next day, and took quarters with a relative of his wife, that lady accompanying him. After supper Judge Brown strolled over to the only tavern in the place, kept by one Sterritt, where he met a number of his legal friends. A convivial evening was passed; drinks frequently went round, and somewhere about midnight the Honourable Bela was in a state of mind quite the reverse of that implied by the old saw, "sober as a judge." When he was leaving for home, one of the young lawyers, in a spirit of mischief, slyly passed some spoons from the tumbler into the Judge's pocket. On dressing himself next morning the eccentric official, putting his hands into his pocket, was greatly perplexed in discovering three or four silver spoons. "My God! Polly," said he to his wife, "just look here. I believe I've stolen some of Sterritt's spoons!" "Let's see them," says the wife. "Yes, sure enough; here's his veritable initials. Pray, how did you happen to have them in your pocket?" "I think I must have been drunk when I came home wasn't I?" inquired the Judge. "Yes," replied the devoted Polly; "you know your old habit when you get among those lawyers." "Certainly; I can understand easy enough how it all came about. That fellow Sterritt keeps the meanest liquor in the State; but I never supposed that to drink it would make a man steal!" The spoons were duly returned to the landlord, and the Judge went and opened his court, thinking no more of the matter. Several days elapsed, and the business of the court was drawing to a close, when one morning a rough-looking customer was arraigned before his Honour for larceny. He pleaded guilty, but said, in mitigation, that he was drunk at the time he committed the offence. "What is the nature of the charge against the man?" inquired Judge Brown. "Stealing money from the till at Sterritt's tavern," replied the clerk. "Young man," said the Judge, solemnly, "are you sure you were intoxicated when you took this money?" "Yes, your Honour; I was so jolly drunk that things looked like they was dancing double shuffles, and when I went out doors the ground kept coming up and hitting me in the head." "That will do," replied the Judge. "But tell me, did you get all the liquor you drank at Sterritt's?" "Every drop of it, your Honour." "And so you got tipsy on his liquor, and then stole his money?" "That's it exactly; I didn't know what I was doing." Turning to the prosecuting attorney, the worthy magistrate said, "This is a most extraordinary case, Mr. Attorney, and one, I think, demanding the clemency of the Court. You will therefore do me the favour of entering a *nolle prosequi*. That liquor of Sterritt's, I have reason to know, is enough to make a man do anything dirty. I got drunk on it myself the other night, and stole all his spoons. If Sterritt will sell such abominable stuff he ought not to have the protection of this Court. You may release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff."—*Georgia Constitutionalist*.

Literature.

The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope. Edited, with Notes and Introductory Memoir, by ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD, M.A., Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and Professor of History in Owens College, Manchester. Globe Edition. London: Macmillan and Co.

Messrs. Macmillan have here presented us with a very handsome edition of Pope's works, uniform with the rest of their admirable "Globe" series. The get-up of the volume is in every respect unexceptionable, save, perhaps, that the margin to the introductory memoir, notes, &c., is somewhat meagre. The type, however, is clear and readable (a matter of great importance in such a work); the paper is fine and nicely toned; and the binding, as all bindings should be, is neat and not gaudy. Mr. Ward, the editor, has followed Warburton's arrangement, and has given all Pope's own notes ("except in the case of the 'Dunciad,' where curtailment was unavoidable"), with many more derived from other sources; and has prefixed an introductory memoir and a chronological table of the principal events in the personal and literary life of his author. The memoir is well and carefully written, and is thoroughly appreciative. Pope's faults of temper and otherwise are not extenuated, but neither is he set down in malice. The facts in every case are fairly stated as far as known, and where blame seemed merited it is frankly but kindly pronounced. But there is no trace to be found of the carping, traducing, caricaturing spirit which has too often been exhibited by Pope's biographers and critics, Dr. Johnson not excepted. The greatness of the poet's genius, the perfection of his art, and the wonderful polish of his workmanship, are fully acknowledged; and so are the infirmities of temper and the occasional seeming meannesses that characterised the man who was, perhaps, the greatest master of versification and one of the truest poets that English literature can boast. In short, Mr. Ward's memoir is just what such a memoir ought to be; neither indiscriminately eulogistic nor carpingly censorious. It will, we are sure, be read by every lover of literature with both pleasure and profit, and that, too, whether the reader be a devoted admirer of Pope or not. For our own part, there is but one thing as to which we are unable heartily to concur with Mr. Ward; and yet our difference with him is perhaps not altogether a disagreement neither. He takes exception to the title of the "Augustan Age of English Literature," bestowed upon the period which had its culmination in the reign of Queen Anne, and that mainly on the ground that letters were not appreciated nor literary men encouraged by the great ones of the land for their own sake, but, so far as they were encouraged at all, merely for the services they rendered to personal or party purposes. Mr. Ward says:—"There is reason to believe that books and essays continue to this day to make their appearance, in which the period in our literary history coinciding with the literary life of Pope is spoken of as our Augustan age. Were this transfer of title intended to imply the existence during the period in question of any Royal patronage of letters such as the first of the legitimate Cæsars was too prudent altogether to neglect, it would condemn itself at once. The English Augustans were not warmed by the favour of any English Augustus." Now, the charge here stated, and further amplified in the sequel, may be perfectly true; but that does not alter the facts that the period in question was a great literary era, that giants flourished in those days, and that their works yet remain in the foremost ranks of English intellectual effort—constitute, in fact, some of the chief corner-stones in the noble fabric of English literature. So that, if letters lacked patronage, they continued to flourish in spite of the absence of its warming influence. What we dislike, however, in this part of Mr. Ward's essay, is the apparent hankering displayed after potential patronage for letters and literary men; for the favour and countenance of the princes, peers, and powers of the earth. We heartily dislike the notion of literature needing the patronage of individual men, be their position in society what it may, and we hope we are mistaken in fancying that there is in Mr. Ward's memoir of Pope an inclination to lean upon such bruised reeds—an implied plea in favour of princely and lordly patronage for letters and literary men. The time, we hope, has for ever passed in this country when authors were fain to bow down before a great man, to cringe for his favour, and to adulterate him in a dedication. There may have been a period in the infancy of literature when it required the support of the swaddling clothes of patronage; but the best proof of its attaining the vigour of manhood is its being able to dispense with such adventitious aids; and that degree of vigour, we hope, British literature has now reached. Literature and literary men, as a rule, can exist in these days without patronage, place, or pensions; and we trust they will never again fall from this their high estate. Their patrons now are the great British public, not always wisely bestowing its favour, yet rarely, if ever, neglecting real merit. At all events, we think it better for letters to have a nation for their foster-fathers, than that genius should have to demean itself, as erst it did, by cringing to, and fawning upon, a lord for his favour. We repeat that we are not sure we have any real difference with Mr. Ward on this matter. Perhaps he does not mean to plead for the patronage of princes, and lords, and other potentates for literature; but as we fancied we could perceive in his essay a hankering after what we deem an unclean thing, we felt bound to enter our protest. Having done so, we are free to speak in terms of hearty praise of the way in which he has acquitted himself of the delicate and onerous task of editing Pope's works.

Cassandra; and other Poems. By R. WHIELDON BADDELEY, Author of "The Squire of Chapel Davesfield," &c. London: Bell and Daldy.

For ages the cry has been, "What are we to do with our paupers?" and just now people are wondering "What we are going to do with our police?" In the mean time bookworms may wonder, "What we are going to do with our poets?" As paupers and poets are too frequently synonymous terms, it might be urged that the police should be instructed to deal with both. Soon the ordinary walking gentleman of the great drama of Life will be assailed at the corner of the street with "Buy a sonnet of a poor orphan!" or "Polish up yer Hepigram, Sir!" and really, what with flowers, boots, lights, and even the vendors of our excellent contemporary the *Echo*, the streets are becoming somewhat worse than a dramatic fancy fair or the hold of a slave. But, putting the drama and slaves aside, it must be confessed that the poets have a hard time of it. They are like the poor boys who do the cathechine-wheel round omnibuses—they are chaffed by all the outsiders, and at last one feeling heart gives just one pennyworth of consolation.

These observations are not meant especially for Mr. Baddeley and his "Cassandra," but, with other volumes close at hand, the meditation seems fitting. "Cassandra" is collected from the old stories, including principally the derelictions of Paris towards *Achene*. It takes a bold man like Mr. Baddeley to attempt this moaning after Mr. Tennyson's magnificent poem—which, perhaps, nobody has ever read—but we feel quite certain that it indicates English courage—not Dutch. Well, the new English poet writes blank verse so well that we are frequently surprised to see disgraceful blunders of more than one kind turning up. One evening's conversation with a man who understands poetry—never mind the graceful accomplishments of being able to read and write it—would be enough to put Mr. Baddeley into a very good vein. In one way he is good. His story is classical; and, instead of doing strophe and antistrophe, he gives some musical interludes which are at once poetical and pleasing. But yet he makes Cassandra say—

The rush of the birth of the fountains
Flash'd bright in the sunlight where
I saw the clouds on the mountains,
As a gauze nigh floating in air.

What the above may mean is the author's, not our, duty to explain.

Perhaps it may occasion some remarks from the general student of poetry mentioned above. But, whilst waiting for anything unpleasant in criticism, it may be as well to remind Mr. Baddeley that he has no right to liken a cloud to a gauze. "An epithet or simile taken from Nature ennobles Art: an epithet or simile taken from Art degrades Nature." The gauze would have felt complimented by being likened to a cloud; but with the reverse, the cloud might be excused for shedding its tears in rain. Mr. Tennyson has exquisitely turned the compliment of simile:—

From the meadows your walks have left so sweet
That, wherever a March wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes.

Here, indeed, the simile and the subject are both Nature—no Art. But Mr. Tennyson knows how to say a compliment. He does not say, with that faculty of compliment which even every clown in love possesses, "Your eyes are as blue as violets," but he speaks of "violets blue as your eyes."

These may appear absurd observations to a man of Mr. Baddeley's worth. But they are offered in the sincere belief that they are worth having.

Phantasmagoria; and Other Poems. By LEWIS CARROLL. London: Macmillan and Co.

Mr. Lewis Carroll is well known as the author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"—a glorious *jeu-d'esprit* with an odious sibilating title; for who on earth can say "Alice's" without wondering if, like Alice, he is turning into a snake? "Alice in Wonderland" herself, however, has had a curious history. Good as the book is, the illustrations, by Mr. Tenniel, are almost better; and yet they have not received one fourth of the praise that is their due. More curious still, the story has been "translated" into German; and, most curious of all, into French! As neither of the translations have reached our hands, we cannot speak as to what they are, except inferentially. But it is abundantly certain that, whatever merit there may be in them, they must come short far more frequently than they reach the goal. The fun in "Alice" so frequently turns upon purely verbal relations, and upon points as to which Englishmen, not to say Londoners alone, can be apprehensive in the right place, that it may be pronounced, on the whole, untranslatable.

These remarks are not by any means irrelevant when "Phantasmagoria" is before us. In spite of the resource, ingenuity, and accomplishments of the author; in spite of a "curious felicity" in writing verse to a model; in spite, too, of a certain truthfulness of "ring" in the serious poems in Part II., Mr. Lewis Carroll remains a *persiflageur*, and a man the most attractive qualities of whose writings are, so to speak, deciduous; are rooted in those of current literature, and cannot be conceived as independent or originaire. There is everywhere a certain tenuity of workmanship, and a reference, which nothing can disguise, to known models. Hence, we think, impartial criticism will give the first prize to the author's parody entitled "The Three Voices," and the second, perhaps, to "Hiawatha's Photographing." About "Stolen Waters" there is something which has a genuine sound with it, and yet it is not a success. "The Hebdomadal Council" should have been omitted; it is very clever, but it is essentially an occasional, ephemeral poem, which takes far too much trouble to appreciate, and leaves but an unsatisfactory impression after all. Mr. Goldwin Smith's worst enemy could not possibly believe that this was a fair representation of anything he had said. Perhaps it is only fair to confess that, though holding ourselves not ill-furnished for the task and usually successful in such trials, we have been baffled by the author's "Double Acrostic." It is also no more than fair to say that, taking it in the lump, the brilliancy of the volume is an answer to much criticism, and makes it readable and worth possessing.

Thoughts on Men and Things. A Series of Essays. By ANGELINA GUSHINGTON. Third Edition. London: Rivingtons.

When a book reaches a third edition within a comparatively brief period, one may safely conclude that it has good stuff in it; and the causes of the popularity of Angelina Gushington's "Thoughts on Men and Things" are not difficult to discover. The piquancy of the "Thoughts," the pungency yet softness of the sarcasm, the apparent simplicity yet carefully-studied quaintness and young-lady-like style in which they are clothed, and the admirable manner in which the character assumed by the writer is sustained throughout, are ample reasons why these essays should be read and liked. In fact, the book is an exceedingly clever book, and the writer an exceedingly clever person, all her professions to the contrary notwithstanding; and we can easily comprehend, though Miss Gushington (or whoever the individual may be who assumes her name) prettily pretends that she does not know, why it is that young fops and gawky "swells" of the "Topsawyer" type should be a little afraid lest she should "put them in a book." In her hands, they do not show to advantage; and yet, if they only had brain enough to see the gist of her remarks, they might at once profit and be amused by her criticisms. The facetious Angelina "holds the mirror up to nature" for both the youths and the girls of the period to view their own image truthfully portrayed. Could they but have the gift to look with her eyes, they might divest themselves of many of the foibles and sillinesses that disfigure them and make them ridiculous.

AN ECCENTRIC WILL.—The following (according to the *Toronto Globe*) is the will of Dr. Dunlop, at one time a member of the Legislature for Upper Canada:—"In the name of God. Amen. I, William Dunlop, of Gaibread, in the township of Colborne, county of Huron, Western Canada, Esquire, being in sound health of body and mind, which my friends who do not flatter me say is no great shakes at the best of times, do make my last will and testament as follows, revoking, of course, all former wills. I leave the property of Gaibread and all other property I may be possessed of to my sisters, Helen Boyle Story and Elizabeth Boyle Dunlop: the former because she is married to a minister who (may God help him!) she necks; the latter, because she is married to nobody, nor is she likely to be, for she is an old maid, and not market rife. And also I leave to them and their heirs my share of the stock and implements on the farm, providing always that the inclosure round my brother's grave be reserved; and, if either of them should die without issue, the other is to inherit the whole. I leave to my sister-in-law, Louisa Dunlop, all my share of the household furniture and such traps, with the exceptions hereafter mentioned. I leave my silver tankard to the oldest son of old John, as the representative of the family. I would have left it to old John himself, but he would have melted it down to make temperance medals, and that would have been a sacrilege. However, I leave him my big horn snuffbox—he can only make temperance horn spoons out of that. I leave my sister Jenny my Bible, the property formerly of my great-great-grandmother, Betsy Hamilton, of Woodhall, and when she knows as much of the spirit as she does of the letter she will be a much better Christian than she is. I leave my late brother's watch to my brother Sandy, exhorting him at the same time to give up Whiggery and Radicalism, and all other sins that do most easily beset him. I leave my brother-in-law, Allan, my punch-bowl, as he is a big gawky man, and likely to do credit to it. I leave to Parson Chevasse my big silver snuffbox I got from the Simcoe Militia, as a small token of my gratitude to him for taking my sister Maggie, whom no man of taste would have taken. I leave to John Cuddell a silver teapot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom to comfort him under the affliction of a slatternly wife. I leave my books to my brother Andrew, because he has been jingling wally, that he may yet learn to read with them. I leave my silver cup, with the sovereign in the bottom of it, to my sister, Janet Graham Dunlop, because she is an old maid and pious, and therefore necessarily given to horning; and also my grandmother's snuffbox, as it looks decent to see an old maid taking snuff."

STOPPING EXPRESS-TRAINS.—The recent Act compelling railway companies to provide all trains travelling more than twenty miles without stopping with means of communication between passenger and guard has been the subject of proceedings before the magistrates on two recent occasions. At Hertford, last Saturday, a gentleman who, having inadvertently got into a carriage which was not "stipped" at the station on the Great Northern Railway to which he wished to go, stopped the train was fined 5s. and costs, with the prospect of further proceedings on a second charge. At Wakefield, on Monday, a gentleman who, in the same way, stopped a train to enable him to get out at a station at which it did not regularly stop, was fined £2 10s., including costs. In both cases the magistrates defined the section to mean that no train was to be stopped for the personal convenience of any passenger, nor for any reason not involving urgent danger, such as fire, violence, or sudden illness.

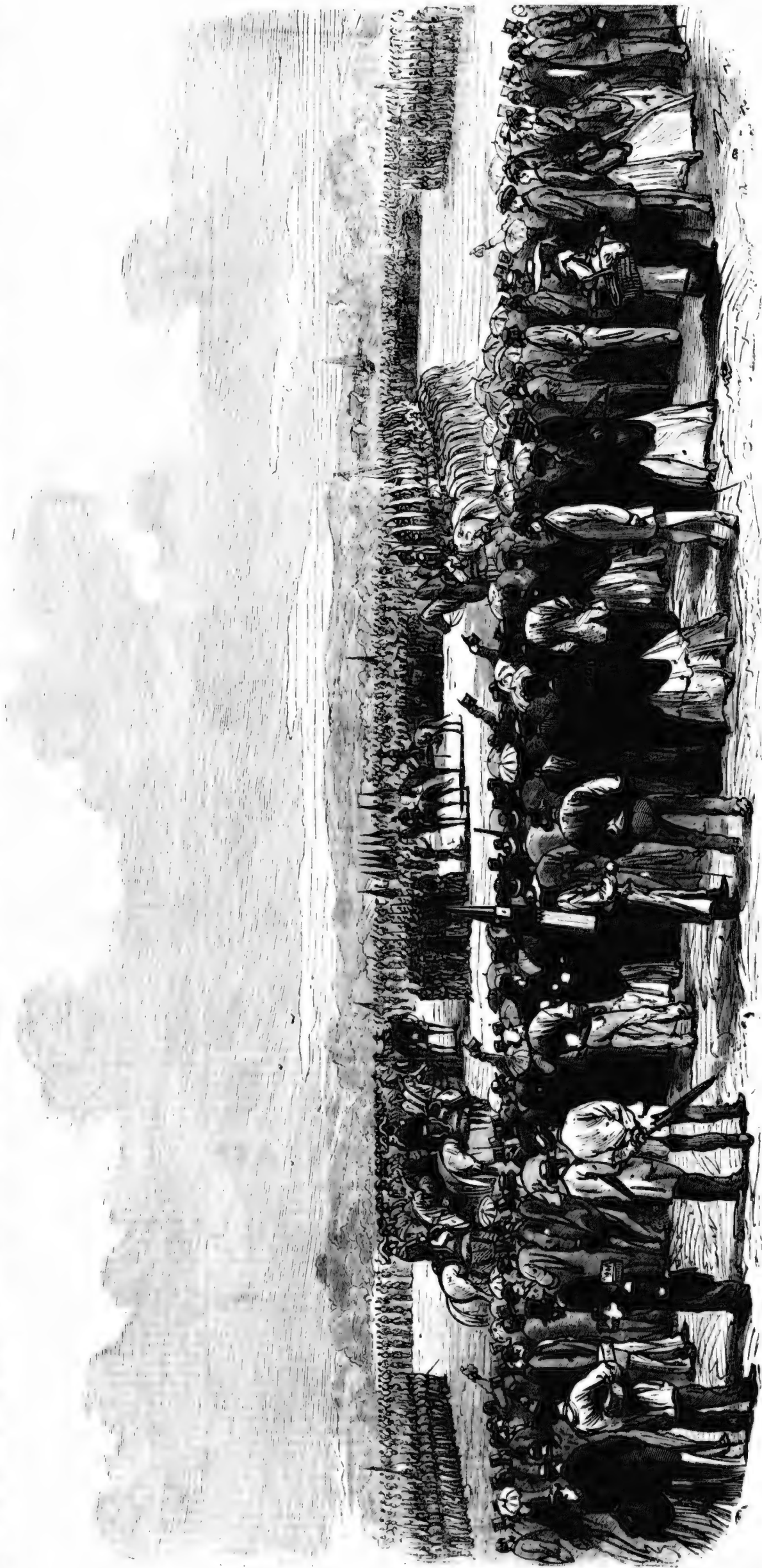
THE NAPOLEON FETES.

THE Napoleon fêtes in France, of which we publish several illustrations, have this year passed off with somewhat greater éclat than usual, though they were in all respects made after the usual fashion. The reason for the greater cordiality with which this important anniversary of the Bonaparte family has this year been celebrated is probably due to the recent political reforms, and to the amnesty proclaimed on the morning of the fête day, Aug. 15. A Paris correspondent, describing the fêtes, says:—"Voilà vingt ans que je fais le même article, et toujours avec un nouveau succès." This much-quoted saying of a veteran French journalist forcibly occurs to me as I sit down late at night to say something about the annual Napoleonic fête of Aug. 15, which I first described in 1833, and

the character of which has never since varied in any essential particular. The leading features of the general holiday from the first, as now, have been and are—cannon at six a.m.; large arrivals from the provinces by all the early trains; crowded streets all day; long lines of people besieging the doors of all the theatres from five in the morning to get a good place for a gratis performance at one p.m.; the churches filled at eleven a.m., because it is the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin, and immense activity in the flower-markets, because on this day the faithful love to buy flowers to place upon the Virgin's altars; a distribution of food and money to the necessitous at all the eighteen mayoralities of the city; boat-races on the Seine; a great fair in some vast public place, where, in addition to two theatres playing military pantomimes all day

long to spectators in the open air, there are gingerbread-stalls, refreshment-booths, merry-go-rounds, greasy poles; and the giants, dwarfs, bearded women, fierce cannibals eating raw meat and crushing stones for dessert, monsters human and bestial, somnambulist fortune-tellers, learned dogs and monkeys, theatres innumerable of the Richardson's show class; and, in short, specimens of every description of the mountebank's art: then in the evening miles and miles of illuminations; all the public buildings illuminated, some of them very brilliantly and tastefully; and immediately after sunset a grand display of fireworks, making more noise and giving more light at one time than Vauxhall and Cremorne together ever achieved in dribblets from the earliest period of their history. All this we have had, and we have had nothing more. The expectation

that, on account of the centenary of Napoleon I. falling officially this year (I say officially, because the historical fact is disputed), there would be extra grand doings, and three days' rejoicing instead of one, has not been fulfilled. The fair, which is the centre of attraction in the day-time, has been held sometimes in the Champs Elysées, sometimes in the Place des Invalides, and on the quays opposite, sometimes on the heights of Trocadéro, and sometimes, as this year, in the Champ de Mars. The pleasantest of all these places is the Champs Elysées, where I remember years ago seeing the populace enjoy themselves greatly under the trees. But since the erection of the Palace de l'Industrie and the laying out of the carefully-kept reserved gardens the available space in the Champs Elysées is far too small for the purpose. In the Place des Invalides there are rows



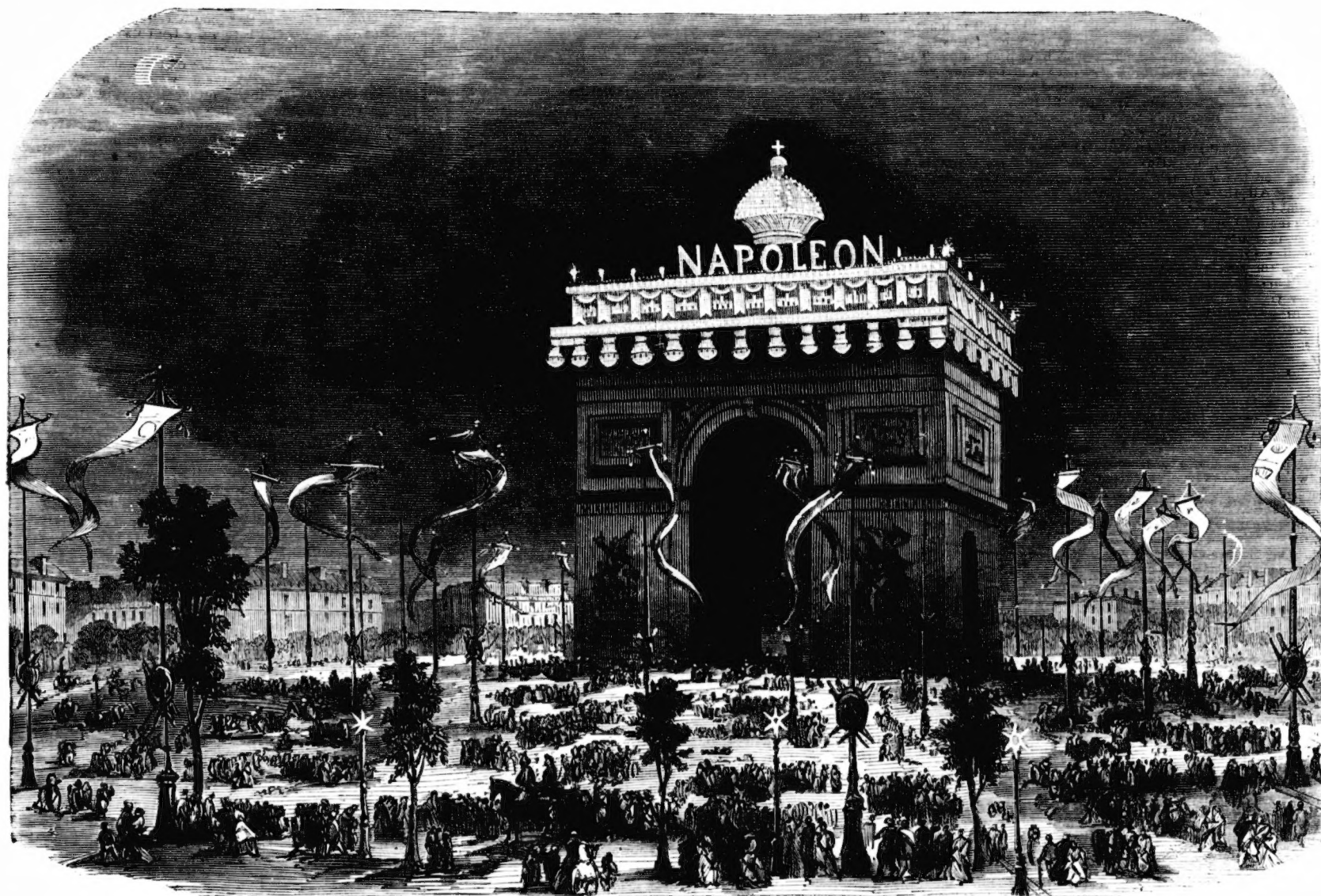
THE NAPOLEON FÊTES: THE PRINCE IMPERIAL DISTRIBUTING DECORATIONS IN THE CAMP AT CHALONS.

of trees with seats under them, and the proximity of the river is agreeable. The Place Trocadéro has no shade, but its green slopes are pleasant to look upon, the extensive view from it of town and country is charming, and the air on its heights is exhilarating. The Champ de Mars—not, as some Paris papers mistakenly say, now the scene of the fair for the first time—has the one great advantage of almost illimitable space, but in every other respect it is the dreariest pleasure-ground imaginable. Had the weather to-day been as hot as it was a month ago, which might well have been the case, I am sure that numbers of people would have dropped down in the dust from exhaustion. The distances from one part of the fair to another are immense, and there are no trees and no seats. After being pushed about in the crowds around the greasy poles or in front

of the military theatres, many would gladly sit down to rest for a few minutes, even upon the bare, arid ground, as hard as a rock, but they would run the risk of being trampled upon. Strangers particularly, of whom there are always a very large proportion at these fêtes, must have tired themselves to death in wandering up and down and to and fro in search of what they wanted to see. The weather was, fortunately, almost everything that could be desired. It looked very threatening about twelve o'clock, and from three to four rain fell, not heavily, but still in sufficient quantity to provoke a great display of umbrellas. This slight downfall had the effect of removing an oppressive weight in the atmosphere and it was followed by a brisk south-west breeze, which was very pleasant. At sunset the weather became quite fine, calm, and

altogether propitious for the illuminations and fireworks. The moon, only half way in its progress to the full, was paled by their brilliancy. The illuminations in the Champ de Mars were particularly successful. The old-fashioned little oil-lamps of variegated colours, of which they consisted, are, in my opinion, much prettier than any combination of gas yet invented. "In the Champs Elysées there were the very same festoons of ground-glass globular lamps, lighted by gas, which we had last year. The Arc de Triomphe was illuminated in a novel and striking manner. The word Napoleon, in letters gigantic enough to be read from the Tuileries, was surmounted by an Imperial crown, and beneath it was the Imperial escutcheon in green and gold, producing a very good effect. The view

from the river side of the domes of the Invalides and Pantheon, the tower of St. Jacques la Boucherie, and other prominent public buildings, all blazing with light, was, as usual, very striking. As usual also the number of lanterns hung out from the windows of private houses was very small indeed. It is almost needless to add that not the slightest manifestation of political feeling was made in any part of the town. The Opposition in Paris, which, as the last elections show, is in an enormous majority, never thinks of troubling a fête. The police was everywhere on its best behaviour. "The Trocadéro was devoted exclusively to the great pyrotechnic display which wound up the holiday. In former years people looked from the Trocadéro down upon the fireworks on the Pont de Jéna and



THE NAPOLEON FÊTES: ILLUMINATION OF THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE, PARIS.

in the Champ de Mars. This year they looked from the Champ de Mars up to the fireworks on the Trocadéro. The improvement in this was very great, not only so far as regarded the immediate spectators, but also because the fireworks could be seen at a much greater distance, and in many parts of town and country where they were not before visible."

The Emperor having been prevented, by his late indisposition, from being present in the camp at Châlons on the 15th, the Prince Imperial appeared amongst the soldiers in his Majesty's stead. The Prince, it appears, was well received; though some of the Paris papers allege that the reception was somewhat cold. The fact probably is that great disappointment was felt at the inability of the Emperor to be present in person, and with that disappointment feelings of regret at the nature of the cause of absence were no doubt largely mingled. There was, of course, a grand review of the troops, with which, according to a general order subsequently published, the Prince declared himself highly satisfied—a declaration which, put into the mouth of a mere boy, has been felt, principally by the soldiers themselves to be a little

ludicrous. However, all passed off well; and a liberal distribution of decorations from the Prince's hand probably consoled the recipients, at least, for the absence of the Emperor.

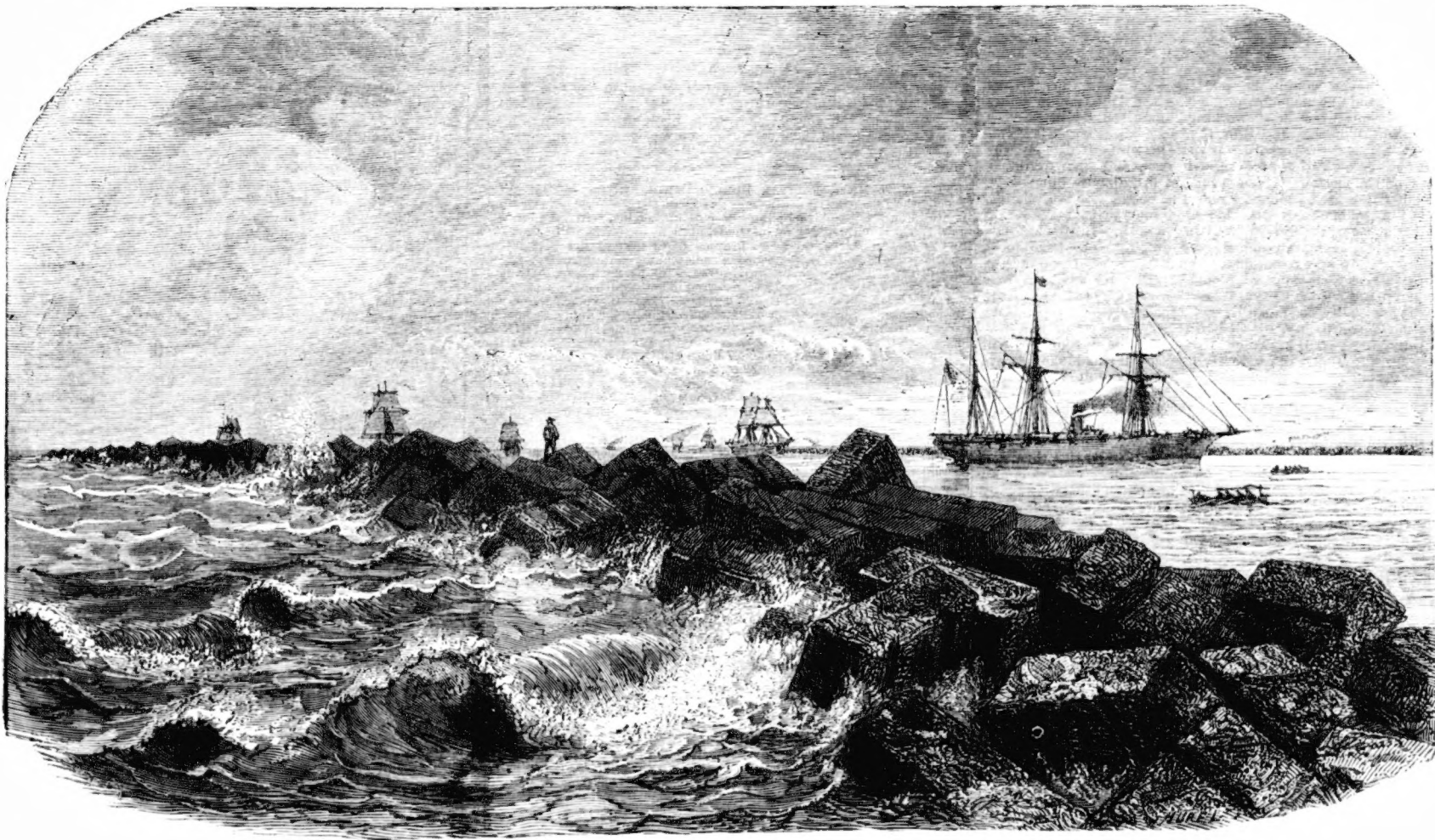
VIEW FROM THE PIER AT PORT SAID, ON THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE interest which has so long gathered around the great work of M. Lesseps and his coadjutors is not likely to be diminished now that the time is approaching for the official recognition of the magnificent waterway by those rulers who see in it a high road into a hitherto comparatively unexplored country. We have frequently published Engravings both of the progress and the completion of the work at various points, and some of our readers may have been gratified to watch the development of the scheme as recorded in our columns.

Through arid sands or a low sterile marsh, where the sluggish water bore no strange sail, and only a remote fishing-village showed the least signs of human life in the landscape, the stream

that is to be the international highway has been formed, and towns and villages bustling with active populations, and already furnished with the luxuries of civilisation, have been founded, while the desert has been made to blossom as a rose and grass to spring up by the fertilising influence of the stream.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate the various stages of the great work performed at Port Said, Lake Timsah, Ismailia, and El Guiser, since we have already described the difficulties which were overcome at each, and the present aspect of these places. We may, however, call attention to the completion of the latest constructions by which the various basins are formed at Port Said. It is ten years since the stroke of the first pick was made, and nearly that time since the tents of the pioneers were replaced by wooden buildings; and one end of the quay was erected in order to build a workshop. Now Port Said is a fine maritime town, with jetties and breakwaters formed on scientific principles. That on the west stretches into the sea to a distance of above 3000 yards, and that on the east to above 1700, the space between them being about 1500 yards, so that the area inclosed from the violence of the



VIEW FROM THE SUEZ CANAL JETTY, AT PORT SAID.

waves is very considerable. The first basin on entering the port on the west is called the basin of commerce, and is intended for coasting-vessels, being only about 18 ft. deep, 216 yards in length, and about the same in breadth. It is at the back of this basin that the warehouses of the transit service have been built. The arsenal basin, which serves for a wet dock and repairing yard, is 170 yards by 200 yards. The third, which is named the Grand or Scheriff Basin, is from 24 ft. to 28 ft. deep, and measures some 1000 yards long by 500 yards wide. Here are at present stations for the large steam-vessels of five companies—the Azizie (Egyptian), the Austrian Lloyd's, the French Messageries Impériales, the Russian Commerce and Navigation Company, and the company of Marc Fraissinet and Sons, of Marseilles. All these boats, as well as the ordinary transport-vessels, put into harbour at Port Said. Should further accommodation be required by the development of traffic and commercial enterprise, it is intended to continue the construction of basins in the same line towards the south. In order to build the jetties which form these basins, it is necessary to procure blocks of stone which will resist the encroachments of the waves. Of course, to have conveyed such an enormous quantity of stone by means of the primitive lake would have been, if not impossible, at all events tremendously expensive; and, as there were no stones large enough on the spot, it became necessary to manufacture blocks of masonry for the purpose. The Brothers Dussaud, who were already well known for their success in this sort of fabrication at Algiers, Cherbourg, and Marseilles, undertook the task, and the site of their old workshops is still to be seen at the eastern entrance of Port Said. With the sand taken from the basins, mingled with chalk from Theil, and with water, the artificial stone was formed. First, being crushed by mechanical power, and then intimately incorporated, this material was converted into a hydro-silicious mass, which, when placed in huge moulds of about thirty square feet in size, formed great blocks, that, after being dried, became almost as hard as granite, and weighed about twenty tons each. These masses have been placed in the position necessary for forming the jetties, which have together required 25,000 blocks for their completion. Our Engraving will convey some idea of the scene presented from these remarkable constructions.

THE ANDAMAN MONKEY (MACACUS ANDAMANENSIS) AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE discovery in the Andaman Islands of a new species of quadruped is a very important addition to our knowledge of this interesting country. One or two species of monkeys were known to exist on the adjacent Nicobar Islands, the common macaque (*M. symonolus*) being one of them; but until Captain Brown brought home the present individual no monkey was known to exist on the Andaman Islands. One or more species of monkey being found on the Nicobar Islands would lead us to expect such a thing highly probable, and had the same species of monkey been met with nothing very remarkable would have been thought about it; but the discovery of a species hitherto unknown upon the islands that have already furnished us with a man and a pig that are quite unlike any of the neighbouring races is a circumstance deserving particular attention, and affords materials for much speculation and investigation. This new and unique monkey has been presented to the Zoological Society by Captain Brown, R.N., of her Majesty's ship *Vigilant*. It dates its joining the ship's company from Port Blair, Andaman Islands, in the Gulf of Bengal, lat 11°43' N., long. 92°47' E., in the year 1864. Jenny (for that is her name) is supposed to be eight or nine years old. For the last four years she has "served" on board the ship, and, having passed all the dangers of the Abyssinian campaign, and, having been discharged with a first-class certificate and silver chain and medal for good conduct, is now waiting to receive her share of the prizes taken during the time she was in her Majesty's service. Jenny stands about 2 ft. 4 in. in height. In general appearance she is most like the "pig-tailed" monkey (*Macacus nemestrinus*), but is at once distinguished from this species by a remarkable arrangement of the hair on the top of the head, which is somewhat of a V shape, and is parted down the middle. The hair itself is very fine, and it is elegantly arranged round the ears. The first impression upon seeing this animal is, that it is intermediate between *Macacus rhesus* and *Macacus nemestrinus*. The face is by no means fierce: the features may even be called good-natured. She has been made a great pet by the sailors; the result is that she has been educated to an extraordinary degree of cleverness. She is fond of company, and her constant companion is a chicken (a regular ship chicken, with hardly any feathers), which lives with her in her cage day and night, and accompanies her in her perambulations. She walks upright on her hind legs with remarkable facility, and with much less effort than even the performing monkeys as seen in the London streets. When in an erect attitude, she will carry things. Thus she will pick up her chicken and run about with it, holding it in her arms as a nurse does her child. The chicken does not seem to mind this in the least. At the word "Throw her overboard," Jenny throws the chicken smartly away from her. It has been said that monkeys would talk, but that they knew that if they talked they would be made to work. Now the Andamanian Jenny forms an exception to the "working" part (only that is very agreeable work) of the story, for if a soda-water bottle is given to her she will set to work to untwist the wire. This done, she will get out the cork, if not too tightly fixed, and then drink the contents of the bottle. Her attitude in drinking is quite new. She sits down on her haunches, holds the bottle with both hands, and tilts the end of it up with her hind foot, so that the liquid shall flow at the proper level into her mouth. In this attitude her appearance is most comical, and at the same time most interesting. The most extraordinary part of Jenny's performances is that she smokes a pipe. Most monkeys will carry a pipe in their mouth and pretend to smoke, but this is the first monkey that we have ever known actually to smoke lighted tobacco out of a pipe. Our illustration shows Jenny, adorned with her silver collar and war medal, enjoying herself after her day's work. Most monkeys will drink grog, but Jenny is especially fond of it; and she always takes her glass with her pipe, which she enjoys quite as much as Forecastle Jack, after he has been reefing topsails. Our friend, Mr. Buckland, has called to see Jenny; the fair Andamanian, devoid of shyness, repaid the compliments this gentleman offered her, in monkey language, by snatching a half-smoked lighted cigarette out of his mouth, and did him the honour to finish it, throwing away the end when it threatened to burn her lips. The Andaman natives are said to be the most degraded of human beings. If Jenny is an average sample of the monkeys, we would sooner be a monkey than a man, if Nature had cast our lot in the far distant Andaman Islands.—*Land and Water*.

THE IRISH ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S ANNUAL SHOW commenced in Tralee on Wednesday. Their Excellencies Earl and Countess Spencer are attending the meeting, accompanied by Lord and Lady Castlerosse. In his answer to an address from the Tralee town authorities, Earl Spencer said he hoped that the result of the great constitutional change which has been effected would be increased goodwill between men of different religious opinions.

A RAILWAY IS TO BE MADE ACROSS THE CHIMA, between Sebastopol and Losova, a station on the Tigranog-Charokoff Railway. The portion of the line between Sebastopol and Simpheropol is to be constructed by the Crown at its own expense, and the working companies of the regiments on the spot are to be employed in making the embankments next month. The other portion of the line, between Simpheropol and Losova, is to be given up to a private company, but the period at which the concession will be issued is not yet fixed.

THE STEAM-BOAT GEORGE PEABODY, belonging to the Iron and Citizen Company, when near Lambeth Bridge, on Monday, ran against one of the huge floating blocks which are used for the purpose of indicating the banks in the river, and which had by some means shifted from its position and was underneath the surface of the water. A large hole was knocked in the bottom of the steam-boat, and, as the water began to rush in rapidly, the passengers were landed by means of boats and other steamers, and the injured vessel was towed to the bank.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

MISS RODEN, who has opened the Olympic Theatre for "a short season," seems to have a special predilection for the music of Boieldieu. At present she appears as the heroine in Boieldieu's "John of Paris." Some years ago she sustained the principal female character in the same composer's "Caliph of Bagdad"—a work which, on its first production, obtained a "run," or series of "runs," of something like eight hundred nights. Still more popular proved "La Dame Blanche," brought out a quarter of a century later, which has been played we know not how many times, but certainly more than a thousand. It is to be regretted that under the pretence of offering us Boieldieu she presents Mr. Taylor to us. We hear a great deal about the progress of musical taste in England; but if the pasticcio, entitled "John of Paris," finds favour with theatre-goers, it will be a clear sign that this progress has been in a wrong direction. Whether "Jean de Paris" is an interesting work or not is a question open to discussion; but whether Mr. Taylor has a right to introduce his airs into Boieldieu's score is a question which admits of no discussion whatever. It is true that the audience, or a few individuals among the audience, applaud Mr. Taylor's interpolations; but, even if such applause be genuine, what does it prove except that there are certain persons in the theatre who are without taste? Considered as a dramatic work, there is little to be said about "John of Paris." It is one of that large class of plays in which some one pretends to be some one else in order to study the character of a third person. In the "Caliph of Bagdad" the Caliph assumes an inferior position to test the affection of a young lady by whom he wishes to be loved for his own sake. In "Jean de Paris" that name is adopted by a Prince who passes himself off as an innkeeper, in which capacity he receives and entertains his betrothed. "Jean de Paris" was produced in the days of Napoleon's Continental blockade, which, if it could have been maintained for any length of time, must have had a most disastrous effect on our native dramatic literature. "Jean de Paris" then, was not seized upon until after the peace, when, to make up for lost time, our dramatists brought out two different translations of it, one with, and one without, the music. The version stripped of the music has ceased to be known; and the operatic version, as now played at the Olympic, with Mr. Taylor's additional airs, will doubtless not prove permanently successful. Those who have heard the original "John of Paris" will remember, among other things, the charming troubadour's song in the second act, which is, of course, retained. The introductory chorus, the air "Quel plaisir d'être en voyage," and the concerted finale are also striking. Boieldieu's music, though somewhat old-fashioned, is thoroughly pretty, and, if it is to be given at all, should be given pure. The performers in the version of "John of Paris" at the Olympic Theatre are Miss Roden, Miss Fanny Reeves, Mr. Elliot Galer, and M. Dussek Corri.

It appears from an article in the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* that a project is entertained of establishing in Paris an "Opera for the People," to which the prices of admission should range from half a franc upwards. To make such an undertaking pay it is obvious that the building must be large enough to accommodate many thousand spectators; but, if the experiment be fairly tried, little doubt need be entertained of its ultimate success. The opera, though hitherto looked upon as an entertainment appealing specially to the taste of a more or less aristocratic class, is, at the same time, the only form of the drama suited to very large theatres, in which, as in the theatres of antiquity, measured declamation must of necessity be substituted for the tones of ordinary speech. Whether opera be at the present moment a popular entertainment or not, it is (argue the projectors) the only theatrical entertainment, with the exception of horse-riding, rope-dancing, and circus performances generally, which can be advantageously offered to an assembly of from two to three thousand persons and upwards. Indeed, in properly-constructed theatres operas might be performed with good effect before audiences as large as those which were brought together at the Crystal Palace by the Handel Festival performances, and more recently by the concert in memory of Rossini. At the Rossini concert operatic pieces of all kinds were given; and a most favourable impression was produced upon a public far more numerous than any that could be contained within the walls of a theatre, as theatres are now constructed.

The Norwich Festival begins on the 30th inst. The great feature of the performance will be Rossini's "Messe Solennelle."

We are still without positive news as to where the company of distinguished eeders from the amalgamated company of last season will perform. Mr. Coleman, a well-known provincial manager, has been named as the *impresario*; but even on that point no authoritative announcement has yet been made. Mlle. Nilsson, who will be the bright particular star of the new company, is just now preparing for a short campaign at Baden-Baden, which is to begin on Sept. 4. Mlle. Nilsson will appear at Baden-Baden as Margherita, in "Faust;" and as Mignon, in Ambroise Thomas's opera of that name.

Among the marvels of cheap musical publication we may point to the shilling editions, just issued (by Messrs. Boosey and Son), of Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" and "Hymn of Praise." Both are printed in full vocal score, with pianoforte accompaniment. The English version is, in each case, by Mr. George Allmann.

THE NEW METROPOLITAN PUBLIC CARRIAGE ACT.—The Act to Amend the Law relating to Hackney and Stage Carriages within the Metropolitan Police District, including the city of London, will take effect on Jan. 1, and much will depend on the regulations to be framed by the Secretary of State. Licenses may be granted to cabs and other hackney and stage carriages, to be distinguished in such manner as the Secretary of State may direct. The license, unless revoked, is to be for a year, and the fee not to exceed 2s., and may be transferred under conditions. A penalty of 5s. may be levied for an unlicensed carriage. Drivers and conductors are to be licensed. The Secretary of State may regulate the number of persons to be carried, to fix the rates and fares; and no hackney carriage is to be compelled to take any passenger a greater distance for any one drive than six miles. Penalties are to be levied for breach of the regulations. Any license grantable by the Secretary of State may, if so directed by him, be granted by any person he may appoint, and proper officers may be appointed to carry the Act into execution. The penalties are to be summarily recovered, and all existing Acts are to be continued. The Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police may cause to be attached to any lamp-post any placard or signal for the purpose of carrying out the Act. Lighted lamps are to be exhibited outside hackney carriages.

POOR CLERGY RELIEF SOCIETY.—On Tuesday the annual meeting was held, at the offices of the society, Southampton-street, Strand.—Dr. Smith, the late Bishop of Victoria, in the chair. The secretary (Mr. R. F. Pigott) read a report announcing that many new contributors had been enrolled, and that several new openings had been afforded, through the kindness of the clergy, for pleading the claims of the corporation in parishes not hitherto reached. The operations of the clothing department had been conducted with the earnest desire to make it conduce as far as might be to the wishes of those constant friends who so largely and frequently stimulated the committee's efforts by their valued contributions to the society's depot. During the past year the supplies had been satisfactorily liberal; and the society's grants of money and clothing had carried incalculable gladness and comfort to homes whose distress was all the more severely felt because it was secretly endured. The report was unanimously adopted, and the usual complimentary votes terminated the proceedings.

REWARD FOR BRAVERY AND HUMANITY.—Her Majesty's Government has awarded a gold medal to M. Louis Adolphe Benard, and a silver medal to M. Thadée Legros, for their brave and humane conduct on the occasion of the wreck of the schooner *Gemini*, of Hull, near Fecamp, on March 19, 1869. The master, his two children, and a seaman were drowned soon after the *Gemini* was stranded, and the remainder of the crew (four in number) were saved mainly through the exertions of the above two men, assisted by two others, named Oscar Bracklin and Alfred Benard, to whom pecuniary rewards of £2 each have been awarded. M. Louis A. Benard is reported to have most particularly risked his life on the occasion, and Thadée Legros also risked his life in the very heavy sea that was running, which was beating about pieces of the wreck.

THE CATHNESS ELECTION has resulted in the return of Sir G. Sinclair, the numbers at the close of the poll being:—Sinclair, 432; Traill, 358. Both candidates are Liberals.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE OF ROBBERY AND FORGERY.

ON Monday Clement Harwood, a well-dressed young man, twenty years of age, was taken before the Lord Mayor, at the Justice-room of the Mansion House, on remand, charged with stealing bills of exchange to the amount together of £15,000, and with forging and uttering indorsements to them, with intent to defraud. Mr. Straight was counsel for the prosecution; Mr. Wontner, solicitor, appeared for the defence. The proceedings excited much interest, and the Justice-room was crowded.

The prisoner had been for some years in the office of Messrs. Harwood, Knight, and Allen, billbrokers and money-lenders in Abchurch-lane, the senior partner in the firm being his father. He had charge of all their books and accounts, and was so enabled, by means of systematic falsifications, to conceal the frauds which for the last few months he had been practising. He had a salary of £150, besides an allowance from his father. He absconded from his employment on July 23 last, and from investigations that were then made by Mr. John Knight, one of the firm, a very extensive robbery and forgery was discovered. A warrant was at once issued by the Lord Mayor, and it having been ascertained that the prisoner, accompanied by John Hatcher, his cousin, had proceeded to America in the steamer *Russia*, a telegram was sent to New York, and they were both arrested on their arrival, on Aug. 5. The sum of £11,791 was found upon the prisoner, mostly in French money, and it was taken charge of by the police. The two accused were brought to England in the City of Washington steamer by an American detective, and were conveyed to London by Detective Sergeant Webb, into whose custody they were delivered at Queenstown. While under arrest at New York Harwood wrote a letter to the father of Hatcher, assuring him of his son's total ignorance of any part of the affair, and stating that he had been induced by him (Harwood), by an offer of £25, to go over to Paris and get some draughts exchanged for French notes, he telling him at the time that the money in no way belonged to him, and that he only got a commission on the transaction. He added that Hatcher had been persuaded by him to go with him to New York on his intimating that £100 might be gained, and that all his expenses would be paid. On that statement the prosecutors applied that Hatcher might be discharged, which was accordingly allowed. The only witness on the last hearing was Mr. John Knight, one of the prosecutors, and the manager of the London business. He stated, in effect, that the prisoner had no authority to indorse bills of exchange, and that on April 19 his accounts showed a deficiency of £3000, which he explained by alleging that he had re-discounted a bill for that amount for Messrs. Brown, Shipley, and Co. This was afterwards found to be untrue, the deficiency having arisen from the prisoner appropriating to his own use a bill for £3000, drawn by Jardine, Skinner, and Co., and accepted by Matheson and Co., to which he had written an indorsement in the name of his masters. The witness also proved the robbery by the prisoner of six other bills amounting to £8000, and that he had no authority to write the indorsements which appeared upon them, some being in his real name and some in that of Charles Hope Chalmers. On that evidence the prisoner had been remanded, and on Monday Mr. Thomas Holder Harris, a clerk in the London and County Bank, deposed that on April 29 he paid across the counter a bill of exchange for £2000, drawn upon the bank by the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation. The payment was made in two bank-notes for £1000 each, numbered 27092 and 27093, and dated Dec. 10. It was paid in the ordinary way of business, but he could not say to whom.

Mr. John Moore, cashier to Messrs. Glyn, Mills, and Co., said on July 7 he paid a bill of exchange for £1000 drawn by Giovanni Ghiardi and accepted by F. Huth and Co., in a bank-note numbered 41437, and dated Oct. 28. The bill was indorsed by Clement Harwood, but he could not say he paid it to him.

Mr. Frederick Hacker Henniker, clerk in Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Co.'s bank, proved that on June 2 he paid across the counter a bill for £3000 drawn by Jardine, Skinner, and Co., and accepted by Matheson and Co., in three notes of £1000 each, numbered 31024, 31025, and 31857, and dated Oct. 28; and on July 19 a bill for £1000, drawn by the Melbourne branch of the Bank of Australasia and accepted by the London branch, in a note numbered 43212, and of the same date. Both bills bore the prisoner's indorsement.

Mr. Henry Conrad Mitchell said he is a clerk in the Charing-cross branch of the Consolidated Bank. He remembered an account being opened there by the prisoner on June 11 last. He gave the name of Charles Hope Chalmers, and his addresses as Hazell's Hotel, Strand, and 2, Upper Porchester-street, Oxford-square. The references given were C. Harwood, of 33, Abchurch-lane, and J. Hatcher, at Messrs. Chaplin's, 5, Tokenhouse-yard. The first amount paid in was a cheque of Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, and Co., for £2670, on June 11. He did not know whether that was a cheque of Mr. Samuel Harwood. The next amounts were paid in on July 7, in the shape of a bank-note for £1000, numbered 41437, and a bill for £1000, drawn by the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, and accepted by the City Bank. Then, on July 13, came an amount of £2023, which was paid into the branch through the head office, and which consisted of a bill for £2000, drawn by J. S. Morgan and Co., on the London Joint-Stock Bank, and the remainder in cash. On the 15th a payment of £2044 odd was made by the prisoner, in a bill for £2000, drawn by M. Harondas and accepted by Messrs. Baring Brothers, and a check for £44 odd payable to Messrs. Harwood, Knight, and Allen, and signed by himself. The last items were—£2000 paid into the head office on July 21, and £1000 in the shape of a bill on the City Bank, drawn by Lemontus and Co. The total amount paid in by the prisoner in bills and cash was £11,737. The out payments of the account were as follows:—£280 on June 14, £25 on the 16th, £20 on the 17th, and £25 on the 23rd (both payable to self), £10 on the 26th, £50 on July 3, and £150 on the 8th (both to self); £750 on the 16th, being a letter of credit granted at the prisoner's request to John Hatcher, jun., and payable by Hottinguer and Co., Paris; £3000 on the 16th, paid to A. Keyser and Co.; £100 on the 6th, £1500 on the 20th (payable to J. C.), £2500 on the 21st (payable to L. C. at the Union Bank); £350 on the 23rd, to Hatcher; and £2500 on the 24th, to "self." The balance to the prisoner's credit was £371 11s. 6d. The witness produced the application for the letter of credit and a receipt for it signed by Hatcher. The payment to Hatcher of £350 was made with two bank-notes for £50 each, twenty for £10, and ten for £5.

Detective-Sergeant Webb deposed that on Aug. 14 he received a warrant from this court for the arrest of Clement Harwood and John Hatcher, and on the 17th he proceeded to Queenstown, where he found them on board the City of Washington steamer from New York. He read the warrant to the prisoner, which charged him with stealing a bill for £1000 and forging the indorsement to it; and he replied that it was quite right, except that the indorsement was not forged, he having written the words "Received for Harwood, Knight, and Allen," on the back. He added that he was quite willing to recompense his masters for what he had done, and that Hatcher was as innocent of the crime as a child. He (Harwood) had given him the draughts to change at Paris, and told him that there was a third party in the matter, and that he himself received 5d. or 7d. on each sovereign as commission on the exchange. On his return he asked Hatcher to accompany him to New York, and he did so. Witness then brought them to London. He found on the prisoner, among other things, a betting-book, two gold watches, an acceptance, a certificate of the National Provident Institution, and a check-book.

Detective-Sergeant Scott proved that he received a warrant for the arrest of the prisoner and Hatcher shortly after July 23, and that he found in Hatcher's rooms a printed bill announcing the sailing of the steamer *Russia* for New York. That was now in the hands of the solicitors for the prosecution.

John Hatcher was next called. He said—[I live at 35, Northumberland-place, Westbourne Park. The prisoner is my cousin. I

remember going to the Consolidated Bank on July 16 with a note from him, and obtaining a letter of credit for £750. I went to Paris on the following day, and stayed at the Hôtel de Lille et d'Albion. The letter was payable to C. H. Chalmers, at the bank of Messrs. Hottinguer. I also had with me two draughts on demand, one for 75,000 francs, payable by Messrs. A. Keyser and Co., and the other for 62,875 francs, by Messrs. Hirsch, fils aîné, 99, Rue Richelieu. One was made payable to Clement Harwood, and the other to Charles Hope Chalmers. Messrs. Hottinguer declined to pay the letter of credit except on a cheque signed by Chalmers, to whom it was addressed. In consequence I telegraphed to the prisoner, and received from him a cheque for £750, which Messrs. Hottinguer cashed. I have not the letter which accompanied it. I likewise received the amounts of the two draughts. While I was in Paris the prisoner sent me other draughts, and the money I received in all amounted to £8000. I remember having draughts for 37,550 francs, and 50,150 francs on L. Königswarter and Co. I returned to London on the morning of July 23, and met Harwood at the Cannon-street Hotel. I gave him the money, and he then said he should want me to go to New York that night on other business. I was promised a commission on the sums I collected. I was not aware the moneys were stolen. I went to my work, and afterwards met the prisoner in the Auction Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, where we had a conversation about going to America. I said I did not mind going on the following Wednesday, but could not go that night. He came to my rooms that evening between eight and nine o'clock. I had packed up my things in consequence of a letter he had sent me. The prisoner said he had taken a ticket for New York, and he wanted me to go with him, saying he had enough money to pay all my expenses, that it was his holiday, and that he expected to be gone about two months. We went to Liverpool together that night, and, on arriving, the prisoner took a passage in the Russia for me in the name of Charles Cookson. We started at eleven o'clock next morning. He told me he had a friend at New York named Cookson, and that that was the reason why my passage was taken in that name. During the voyage he told me I might go to the Falls while he went on business to Boston, where he expected to meet Cookson. The funds were provided by him. My wife was with me, and the prisoner paid her passage also. On arriving at New York we were both arrested. I saw Harwood searched by the police, and I think an amount equal to 65,000 francs was found on him. It was in French and English money, and I recognised the French notes as those I had received in Paris. We were both brought to England in custody. The prisoner is just twenty years of age.

At this stage of the examination the Lord Mayor remanded the prisoner for a week.

THE HABITUAL CRIMINALS ACT.

The principal provisions of this Act were explained by Mr. Serjeant Cox to the grand jury at the Middlesex Sessions on Monday. The measure, he said, provided that on a second conviction for any felony, or misdemeanour, or dishonesty, whatever might be the punishment, then, in addition to any punishment awarded to the criminals by the Judge, it should be deemed part of the sentence passed on him, unless otherwise declared by the Court, that he was to be subject to the supervision of the police for seven years. Now, the effect of that supervision was this:—If, being subject to that supervision, a man was charged by any constable or police officer with getting his livelihood by dishonest means, and he failed to make it appear to the magistrate that he was not getting his living in a dishonest way; or, secondly, if he were found by the police in any place, under such circumstances as satisfied the magistrate that he was about to commit or aid in the commission of any crime punishable on summary conviction, or that he was waiting for an opportunity to commit or aid in the commission of any such crime; or if he were found by any person in or upon any dwelling-house, building, yard, or premises, or in any shop, warehouse, counting-house, garden, orchard, &c., without being able to account to the satisfaction of the justice for his being found on such premises—the burden of the proof being thrown upon the prisoner—he was then to be subjected to imprisonment for a term not exceeding twelve months, with or without hard labour. Now, these enactments, would give a great hold upon the criminal population of the country. Further provision was made in this Act with respect to receivers of stolen goods. Hitherto in these cases the burden of proving guilty knowledge lay upon the prosecution, and the jury had no doubt seen, in the course of former cases, the exceeding difficulty which sometimes arose with respect to this proof, because it was one thing to prove a man was in possession of stolen goods, but it was another to show he had a guilty knowledge that the goods were stolen. Now, the Act he referred to would partially meet that difficulty. It was provided by the Act that when any person who had been previously convicted of receiving stolen goods should be charged with receiving stolen goods or having them in his possession, the burden of proof that he did not know they were stolen lay on the prisoner. In cases of previous conviction it would be enough for the prosecutor to prove the stolen goods were in possession of the prisoner, and it would be then for the prisoner to prove he did not know the goods were stolen. To enable this to be done, the course of proceeding previously observed upon these trials was reversed by the recent Act. Hitherto former convictions were concealed from the jury until after the trial, the object being to prevent the minds of the jury from being prejudiced or influenced by the previous history of the prisoner. But under the new law, in the cases of receivers of stolen goods, the course would be to commence with proving the former conviction, and therefore the jury would start with the knowledge in their minds that the prisoner had been previously convicted, and that knowledge would be presumptive proof that the prisoner knew the goods were stolen. It would then be for the prisoner to show he did not know the goods in his possession were stolen. By this means the jury would be able to obtain an answer in these cases which they could not previously come at. Further than this, the Act referred to dealings in old metals, provisions having been introduced prohibiting the purchase of metal, whether new or old, in any quantity at

one time of less weight than 112 lb., or of copper, old or new, in any quantity, at one time, of less weight than 56 lb. A penalty of £5 could be inflicted for these offences. These provisions would, he considered, have a very beneficial effect in checking dishonest dealing in old metals.

POLICE.

"JEAMES" IN REVOLT.—At Lambeth Police Court, last Saturday, Colonel Frederick Henry Rich, of the Royal Engineers, one of the Government inspectors of railways, and his son, Mr. Charles Rich, nineteen, were summoned for having assaulted Michael Givast, butler. There was a cross summons taken against the butler for assault. Colonel Rich said that he resided at The Woodlands, Dulwich-common. The defendant had been his butler about a year; but a short time back, in consequence of drinking, he gave him notice to leave. On Sunday, the 8th inst., he observed he was in an unfit state to wait at luncheon. He seemed in a state of beer, and objected to change the plates or to allow knives for the cheese. Dinner was ordered for seven o'clock, and at half-past six witness found him laying the table for six persons only, and told him to lay for two more. He seemed excited, and witness heard that he had had words with his wife (the cook), who had poured some hot soup over him. Defendant said, "I won't lay two more; but I'll show you what I had for dinner." He then produced three plates with meat in them, but refused to allow witness to see what it was. He so misconducted himself that witness told him to leave the house; with the aid of his (complainant's) son he was put out, when he tried to trip both of them up. He bit his son, when complainant said, "Pitch into him, Charley; don't stand it any longer." They then fought, and the result was defendant got a black eye, and the eye was cut. Cross-examined: Did not know at first there was discontent about the dinner amongst the servants. Did not hear defendant say he was hard-worked all day, and had nothing fit to eat. Thought it was hashed mutton in the plates defendant showed him, which was the same as his own children had. There might have been some steak amongst it. He noticed he was tipsy at one o'clock. In the fight his son did not get defendant's head in "chancery," and only struck him when he tried to bite and lay hold of him in a dangerous manner. His son had a ring on, but did not say "Give him the ring." Saw defendant's wife kneeling or stooping, and heard her say, "They are all down on him." This was while the fight was going on. Charles Rich, son of complainant, stated that he was attached to the Academy at Woolwich. The defendant was most impudent when spoken to, and frequently swore. In the fight witness hit defendant on the eye pretty hard. Witness had a ring on, and that might have hit him; but he did not think of the ring at the time. Did not hit him until he tried to lay hold of and bite him. By Mr. Edwin: I have taken lessons in the art of self-defence. Mr. Woolrych: Well, there is not much harm in that. The complainant's coachman noticed Master Charles and the butler "squaring up in the yard, but saw no blow struck, and did not interfere. Mr. Woolrych: Why not?—Witness: I have seen it before, between Givast and his wife; they had a fight in the kitchen about one o'clock the same day. Defendant was the worse for drink. Agnes Morley, the housemaid, deposed that Givast and his wife were drinking ale at eleven o'clock in the morning and cutting up mutton for the hash. He had partaken of the meat for breakfast. His wife, in speaking of her husband, said, "The old beast has been at me again." About two o'clock the servants sat down to the hashed meat for dinner. Witness ate but little, as she felt annoyed. Mr. Woolrych: Why?—Witness: Because we had no roast beef and pudding. Mr. Woolrych: Then hashed mutton and beef was not good enough. Witness: At five o'clock defendant was excited with drink and anger, and while having words with his wife, she took up a saucepan of hot pea soup and poured some on him. Mr. Woolrych: Then that accounts for the marks on his coat, which have been put forward as the stream of blood from his wound. Mr. Edwin (holding up a coat and shirt stained): Anyone could see there were blood stains on the garment. This concluded the case for Colonel Rich, and the summons of the butler against his master was then heard. Michael Givast said he and his poor wife had been slaves to the Colonel. On Sunday week what was left from the day previous was made up into a hash. There was a venison pasty for the Colonel, but they had none of it. When he had laid the table the Colonel said, in a rough tone, "There are eight for dinner." He said, "I only make six." The Colonel replied, "I tell you there are eight. I will help you to pull the table out." Witness wanted to keep the dinner he had to show somebody, but the Colonel said he should not, and called his son, to whom he said, "Let him have it, Charley," and he punched him about the head, the Colonel also saying, "Knock his eye out." His eye was cut, and he had been attended by a doctor. Mr. Woolrych: "What about the dinner?"—Complainant: "We never had much dinner beyond bread and cabbage. Did now and then have beef and pudding. One of the servants said she would go home if she did not have better food. Did not beat my wife. She wanted me to make a macaroni cheese, and I refused, when she said, 'I should like to throw this soup over you.'" Agnes Morley, recalled: "We did think we were suffering in justice because we had no beef and pudding on Sunday. William May, coachman to Mrs. Druce, residing at Dulwich, saw Master Charles pecking away at complainant in a most artistic style. He heard the Colonel say, 'Kick him.' Did not see the complainant strike. Mr. Stewart stated that he attended the complainant, who seemed upset, and was suffering from a cut over the right eye. Mr. Woolrych had carefully considered the whole case, and was of opinion that Givast had given well-founded cause for his master to complain. He was evidently a man of violent disposition, and, to a certain extent, intemperate. On the day in question he was not master of his faculties, while there was little doubt he had also ill-treated and abused his wife. He seemed incensed because the dinner was not to his liking, and he (Mr. Woolrych) was sorry to say domestic servants made demands of being brought up to habits of luxury, never thinking of the bri-

variations and struggles of others who had to get their living. The conduct of Givast was most improper towards his master, and what punishment he had received he had brought upon himself. Under all the circumstances, he should dismiss both summonses.

ROBBER MESSAGE BOYS.—At Guildhall, on Tuesday, John Thomas, Thomas Ames, Frederick Cook, and William Pont were charged on remand before Alderman Dakin, Thomas with stealing a number of gold studs from an errand boy on Ludgate-hill, and the other three prisoners with endeavouring to dispose of them well knowing them to have been stolen. In the first case, Mr. Axmann, of the firm of Waldemar, Lund, and Co., of 60, Chandos-street, patentees and manufacturers of gold and ivory shirt-buttons and solitaires, on Monday week last, sent William Paine, their errand-boy, to the City, to deliver some parcels of the value of £30. As he was going up Ludgate-hill the prisoner Thomas accosted him, and, putting a £5 "Bank of Engraving" note into an envelope, asked him to take it to Peele's Coffee-house and get half a dozen of sherry. At the same time, he offered to take care of the boy's bag while he was gone. As the lad went on his errand his suspicions were aroused and he opened the note, and then discovered that, instead of being a Bank of England note, it was a "Bank of Engraving" note. He retraced his steps, and found the prisoner gone, and saw no more of him until he was in custody. A few days afterwards a man went into Mr. Ohlson's, a pawnbroker's in the Westminster-road, and offered five of the stolen studs in pledge, but he called the police, and then the man, whom he believed to be Cook, although he could not swear to him, ran away, with two others to whom he had been talking. A woman subsequently pointed the four prisoners out to a constable in the Borough-road, and he got assistance and took them into custody. They denied all knowledge of the transaction. The evidence could not be strengthened against Ames, Cook, and Pont, so they were discharged, and Thomas was fully committed for trial upon the charge of stealing. The prisoner Thomas was then charged with stealing on July 13 from William Chadwell, an errand-boy to Mr. Le Cheminant, a jeweller, carrying on business at 72B, Upper Wimpole-street, a bag containing three parcels of jewellery, worth upwards of £20. Mr. John Le Cheminant said that on the day in question he gave his errand-boy, William Chadwell, a small bag containing seven parcels of jewellery, to deliver to different customers. Four of them he delivered, and returned without the bag, having been robbed of it and its contents. William Chadwell said that after he had delivered a parcel at No. 2, Wimpole-street, the prisoner stopped him and asked him to go round the corner, to the Devonshire Arms and order half a dozen of the best sherry, for Dr. Cook, at the same time putting what appeared to be a £10 Bank of England note into an envelope to pay for it. He promised him a shilling for going on the errand, and told him he would take care of his bag until he came back. Witness at first refused, and said that he would take the bag with him; but the prisoner said, "No, no, let me have your bag!" and took hold of it, and he let it go. He went with the note to the Devonshire Arms, and they told him to send Dr. Cook himself for it. He went back, and the prisoner was gone. He went to Dr. Cook's, No. 3, Wimpole-street, and they knew nothing about the prisoner there. The prisoner was fully committed for trial on this charge also. Detective Hawkins asked for a remand, as he had another charge similar to the previous ones to bring against him. Alderman Dakin remanded the prisoner accordingly.

A GERMAN PROFESSOR AMONG THE SHARPER.

An amusing case was tried at Greenwich on Monday. William Ball, giving an address at 7, Morley's place, Chelsea, was brought up in custody of Langley, a detective sergeant of police, stationed at Scotland-yard, charged with being concerned with another man, not in custody, in stealing French notes of the value of 350 francs, belonging to Alfred Hollander, who described himself on the chargesheet as a doctor of philosophy. Mr. Pook, solicitor, appeared for the prisoner; and the court was crowded with the friends of the accused. The prosecutor, who is about thirty years of age, on being sworn, said, through an interpreter, "I am a native of Berlin, and have only been in England a fortnight, having for two years previously been engaged as a teacher at an establishment in Paris. On Thursday last, the 19th inst., I was in Greenwich Park, walking away from the Observatory, when I met another man, who commenced talking about the beauty of the park, and asked me to take a ride with him by steamer to Blackwall. I told him I had a bad foot, and that I should ride home to London by train, when he said he would walk with me and show me the way to the railway station. On the road to the station he took me into a coffee-house. We entered a garden and sat down, and after a few minutes the prisoner came and requested to be allowed to join our company. The prisoner then sat down and told us that he was a lawyer, and had inherited a good deal of money from an uncle, and must travel. He said he had come from the Isle of Wight, and was a stranger in London; and through the will of his uncle he was compelled to distribute £5000 among the poor, not alone in England, but likewise on the Continent. And he requested me to name institutions in Germany among which he could distribute part of the money. I told him the best thing to do would be to apply to the German Consul in London. He then requested to do so through me, and asked me to go with him to the Alexandra Hotel, where he said he was staying. We then went towards the railway station, and when close to it, and after some protest, we entered the Portland Hotel. When there, the prisoner said he had a habit of testing who were his friends, and requested me and the other man to give him a sum of money to see if we had confidence in him. He said he did not require the money, and only took it for the purpose of testing our confidence. He then requested the other man to give him a sum of money, and the man handed him a pocket-book which contained money, and the prisoner, having received it, requested me to walk outside with him. I did so, and told him I thought it strange, and that the other man would be frightened at his leaving, when he repeated that it was only a joke, that he did not require the money,

and at once handed the man the pocket-book back. On handing the pocket-book back, the prisoner asked the man if he was too proud to accept a sum of money to buy a ring as a kind of remembrance, and requested him to have his name engraved on the ring. The other man accepted the money (a £10 note), and asked me if I would share with him in the money. I declined to have any of it, and the prisoner then asked me if I would show the same confidence in him as the other man had. I told him I took him to be a man of honour, who would not detain my money, and I then took out of my pocket-book four French notes (three 100 francs, and one 50 francs) and handed them to him. The prisoner then requested me to wait a few minutes, and he would soon return. He and the other man then went outside, and I waited two or three minutes, but saw neither of them afterwards until the prisoner was taken into custody." Mr. Patteson remanded the prisoner, and refused an application to admit him to bail.

ACCIDENTAL POISONING.—A shocking affair has just taken place at Waltham, a village about seven miles from Canterbury. Nearly a score persons were seized with violent sickness and other choleraic symptoms, and the medical men who were called in treated them for disease of that character. It turned out, however, that a sheep-dipping composition barrel had been transformed into a well bucket, and the persons who had partaken of the water drawn in it were poisoned. Two of the patients, Mr. and Mrs. Launcefield, the owners of the well, died, and a child remains in a dangerous state; but the remainder are in a fair way of recovery.

ANOTHER "NUNNERY SCANDAL."—from Cracovia is reported. A young Jewish lady at Konsovice was carried away from her father's house by a score of disguised men; and on inquiry it was found that some person, in order to prevent her marriage, had procured her admission into the convent of the Visitadines. The father of the injured lady applied for her release, but was informed that an order of the Bishop was requisite. He then, at the head of a large body of students, invaded the convent, and succeeded in carrying off the young lady, notwithstanding the protests of the Lady Superior.

THE LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 20.

BANKRUPTS.—J. J. ARNOLD, South Hornsey, stockbroker.—E. BAKER, Canterbury, baker.—A. BEADMAN, Waltham, furniture-dealer.—J. CHARMAN, Battersea, milkman.—H. CHOPPING, Thornton, miller.—W. COLLETT, Charing-cross, clerk.—C. COOPER, Cophthorne, miller.—W. S. CRANE, Baywater, hairdresser.—A. DILLON, Newington, maker of flags.—J. H. EMES, Richmond, mechanical toolmaker.—J. F. FEENEY, Norwich, licensed victualler.—H. W. FRICKER, Bow, commercial traveller.—G. P. GIBBOUT, Canterbury, milliner.—J. S. HORSFORD, Stratford, surgeon.—D. T. B. HOWELL, Upper Norwood, accountant.—JACOB, Bernersley New-road, clothier.—J. HAND, Bolton, painter.—R. W. LOVINGROVE, Benson, cordial-maker.—F. H. MORTLOCK, St. James's, boot and shoe maker.—S. E. MUSS, Houndsfield, jeweller.—J. MURKELL, Blackfriars-road, agent for the sale of—E. MUNN, Dagenham, market gardener.—J. FAIRB, Kellingborough, baker.—J. PALMER, Barking, carpenter.—S. PAVITT, Chigwell.—J. PERKINS, Fulham, grocer.—J. J. ROOK, Chatham, licensed victualler.—G. SANSOM, Barking, beer-shop-keeper.—J. SEXTON, Battersea, carpenter.—G. SPENCER, Stratford, builder.—H. and W. P. STEVENS, Minories, ship-repairers.—W. SMITH, Kensington, general dealer.—J. DONNAN, Tredgar, draper.—F. J. VANT, Mile-end-road, tailor.—J. WOOD, Barking Side, jobber.—J. T. YATES, Westminster Bridge-road, licensed victualler.—R. ANDREW, Elham, butcher.—E. N. ASHFORTH, Kingston-on-Thames, cornfactor.—W. ASHBE, Birkenhead, commission agent.—G. BLOXAM, Liverpool, undertaker.—R. BOND, Hesper, engineer.—W. BOWDEN, South Bradford, agent.—J. BRADBURY, Landport, engineer.—T. BRIDGER, Southsea, baker.—G. CORKE, West Cowes, butcher.—R. CAMPBELL, Brighton, tailor.—H. CLIFFORD, Birmingham, baker.—E. CLIFTON, Worcester, picture-frame maker.—H. COPE, Darlington, licensed victualler.—J. CRAIG, Hutton-le-Hole, miner.—T. CROWTHER and J. A. PATCHETT, Halifax, worsted-spinners.—T. CRUNDALL, Doncaster, poultry-dealer.—G. T. DAVIES, Ystradgynaf, tailor.—G. 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BALMAN, Southmolton, beerhouse-keeper.—S. and J. VICKERMAN, Halifax, stone merchants.—C. G. RICHARDSON, B. ROWLEY, and C. D. CLAYTON, Leeds, ironmasters.—J. W. POTPAGE, Leeds, joiner.—E. NICHOLSON, Ripon, machinist.—J. PEPPER, Leeds, carrier.—F. EAGLESFIELD, Liverpool, hosier.—W. C. TAYLOR, Birkenhead, railway wagon manufacturer.—J. LOCKE, Stratford, J. PURVES, Birwick-upon-Tweed, carpenter.—O. BAGULEY, Warrington, fruit-dealer.—M. SMITH, Birmingham, general dealer.—H. SHIPLEY, Leicester, chair and coach maker.—G. FAIRBURN, Hightown, wire-drawer.—E. WOODHOUSE, Dewsbury, joiner.—H. FIELDING, Gloucester, hotel boots.—J. GREEN, Hertford, carpenter.—R. RIGGALL, North Somerset, common carrier.—E. R. WELLS, Bishop-sutton, greengrocer.—G. WORTHINGTON, Wigton, painter.—J. SMART, Cardie, H. SUTTON, Chardbury, keeper of straw-berry-gardens.—W. NICHOLSON, Bardsley, plumber.—W. SHAW, Longton, nailer.—J. BURDITT, Rowell, farmer.—J. ROBERTSON, Pool Dam, milkseller.—R. 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TUESDAY, AUGUST 24.

BANKRUPTS.—T. CUTLER, Southsea, lodging-house keeper.—J. BETTS, Ramsgate, beer retailer.—J. DE BARROUSSEL, Hyde Park, doctor of magnetism.—G. R. BRADSHAW, Holloway, hairdresser.—R. B. BURGESS, Brompton, ironmonger.—R. B. HUDDLESTON, Old Kent-road.—W. F. PARKER, Newry, Norwood, builder.—J. GUILLAUME, Little Britain, importer of foreign goods.—H. M. FARRER, Islington, insurance agent.—J. YEARNLEY, Southborough, baker.—J. HADDOCK, Camden Town, contractor.—H. MILLER, Thurgarton, street refreshment-house keeper.—T. MILLS, Ilmley, fruiterer.—J. STODDART, Eastchurch, tea-merchant.—T. DODGSON, Euston-square, beer retailer.—W. T. CHAFFER, Kentish Town-road, glass-maker.—J. BILLINGTON, Tottenham, boot and shoe maker.—J. ROBINSON, Wallington, Thames, beerhouse-keeper.—T. SPAGNO, Graham House, mining agent.—M. T. GARDNER, Ragsdale, blacksmith.—P. W. WEBB, Battersea, J. R. GRAYSON, Baywater, riding-master.—J. W. WILLSHER, Bond-street, stationer.—F. ROBERTS, Lambeth, watchmaker.—G. LOWE, Maida-vale nurseryman.—W. HOWLETT, Chelsea, builder.—P. A. SIMON, Kingston-on-Thames, clerk.—T. TRIVETT, St. Luke's-road, commission merchant.—T. S. WATTS, Borough, grocer.—J. THORNTON, Kingston-on-Hull, baker.—J. T. THOMAS, Bognor, Sussex.—W. C. SMITH, jun., Bernersley, provision merchant.—W. SHARP, Stratford-on-Avon, coal and coke dealer.—J. WILDGILL, Leamington, auctioneer.—W. B. BOULE, Birmingham, hop merchant.—J. JENKINSON, Leicester, boot and shoe manufacturer.—M. BEVAN, Crickehowell, grocer.—E. W. BALMAN, Southmolton, beerhouse-keeper.—S. and J. VICKERMAN, Halifax, stone merchants.—C. G. RICHARDSON, B. ROWLEY, and C. D. CLAYTON, Leeds, ironmasters.—J. W. POTPAGE, Leeds, joiner.—E. NICHOLSON, Ripon, machinist.—J. PEPPER, Leeds, carrier.—F. EAGLESFIELD, Liverpool, hosier.—W. C. TAYLOR, Birkenhead, railway wagon manufacturer.—J. LOCKE, Stratford, J. PURVES, Birwick-upon-Tweed, carpenter.—O. BAGULEY, Warrington, fruit-dealer.—M. SMITH, Birmingham, general dealer.—H. SHIPLEY, Leicester, chair and coach maker.—G. FAIRBURN, Hightown, wire-drawer.—E. WOODHOUSE, Dewsbury, joiner.—H. FIELDING, Gloucester, hotel boots.—J. GREEN, Hertford, carpenter.—R. RIGGALL, North Somerset, common carrier.—E. R. WELLS, Bishop-sutton, greengrocer.—G. WORTHINGTON, Wigton, painter.—J. SMART, Cardie, H. SUTTON, Chardbury, keeper of straw-berry-gardens.—W. NICHOLSON, Bardsley, plumber.—W. SHAW, Longton, nailer.—J. BURDITT, Rowell, farmer.—J. ROBERTSON, Pool Dam, milkseller.—R. BRETICK, jun., Goldenhill, colliery manager.—P. HARGREAVES, Morpeth, publican.—M. CROOK, sen., Little Bolton, coal-dealer.—W. TOMLINSON, Darby, coal-dealer.—O. WHITEHEAD, Chorlton-on-Medlock, joiner.—J. S. EDMONDSON, Lancaster, painter.—H. MAINWARING, Sheffield.—T. CUNLIFFE, Accrington, licensed victualler.—E. CROWTHER, Garton, boot and shoe dealer.—G. BRAMICH, Southwick, clerk.—T. WILCOCK, Eekhill, cloth dealer.—F. KINGHAM, Bradford, provision-dealer.—W. G. POPE, Buckland, steward.—W. CRANFIELD, Colchester, cooper.—J. SMITH, Cramford, cordwainer.—A. HOLMES, Darley Dale, stonecutter.—J. WILLIAMS, Cardiff, beerhouse-keeper.—W. PRESTON, Willaston, farmer.—D. FARR, Llandudno, cooper.—D. JONES, Pont-y-Pa, cooper.—SCOTCH SEQUESTERS.—W. W. BLAIR, Hurler, tobacco-maker.—G. RETH, Edinburgh, grocer.—H. E. RUTHERFORD, Easter Fotherlie.—P. STEWART, Monin, farmer.—W. HUNTER, Paisley, tobacco-merchant.

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